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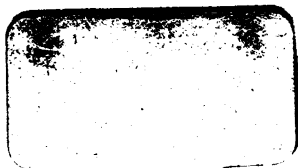


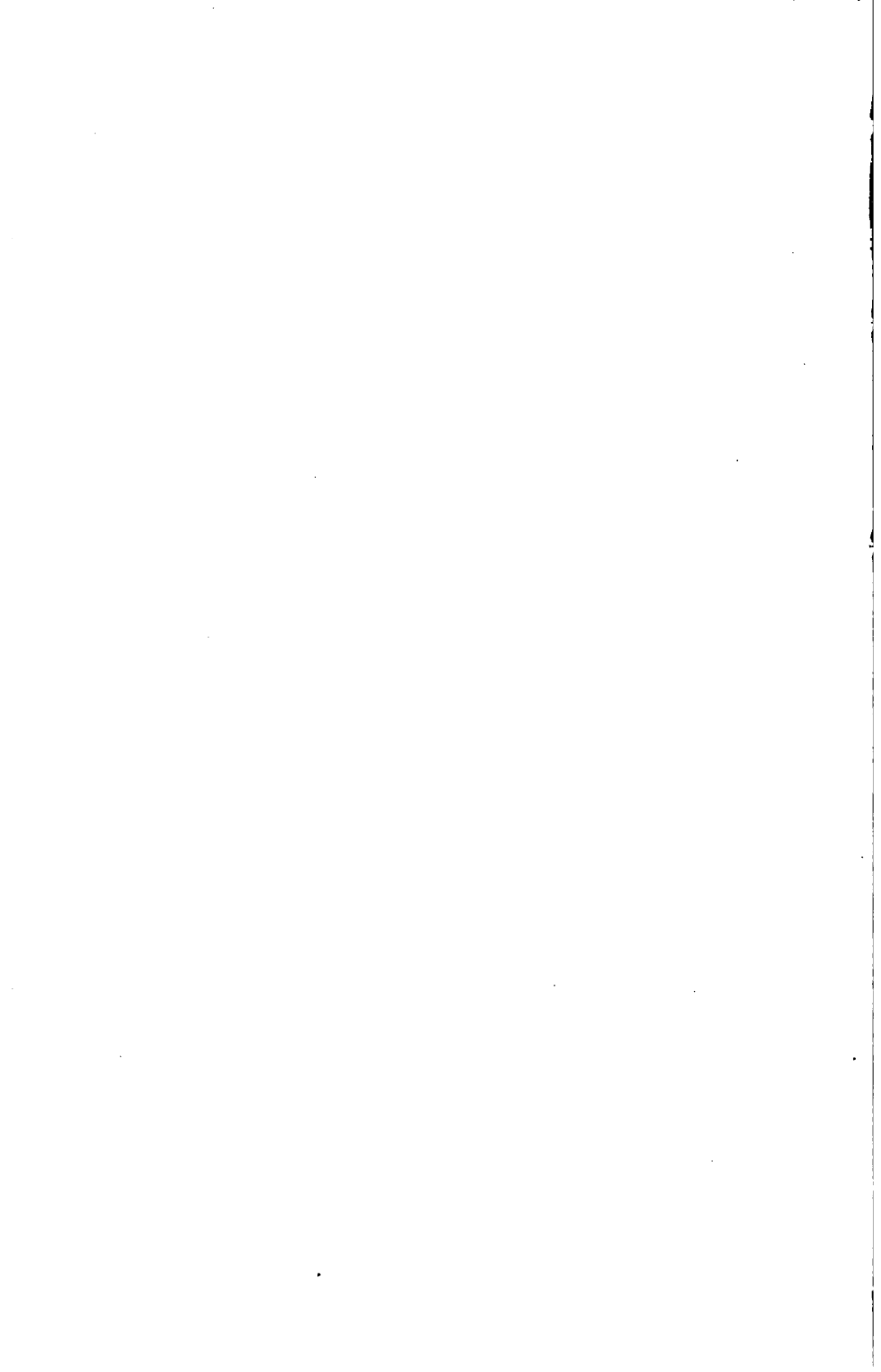
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A SHORT VIEW
OF THE
LIFE and CHARACTER
OF
Lieutenant-General VILLETES,

*Late Lieutenant-Governor and Commander of the Forces
in Jamaica.*

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TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

LETTERS

WRITTEN DURING A JOURNEY FROM
CALAIS TO GENEVA, AND ST. BERNARD,
IN THE YEAR 1814.

BY

THOMAS BOWDLER, Esq; F.R.S. & S.A.

With an APPENDIX,

CONTAINING A FEW

ORIGINAL LETTERS AND ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

MADAME ELIZABETH DE FRANCE.

Elizabeth Philippina Maria Helen, Princess of

France

*Published to assist in providing Free Seats for the Poor of
Swansea, by enlarging the Parish Church.*

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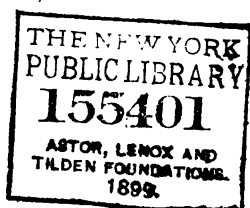
RICHARD CRUTTWELL, ST. JAMES'S-STREET, BATH;

AND SOLD BY

**JOHN ROBINSON, PATER-NOSTER-ROW, AND J. HATCHARD,
PICCADILLY, LONDON.**

1815.

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The following Sketch of the Life of the late Lieut.-General Villettes was written immediately after his death, and was given to his friends in England, Malta, and Jamaica. It is now re-printed, in consequence of the acquisition of a striking likeness of the General, which has been recently obtained from an original picture, in the possession of his sister at Geneva.

TO
THOSE PERSONS
WHO FEEL PLEASURE IN CONTEMPLATING
A CHARACTER,
NOT MARKED BY A FEW BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENTS,
BUT BY
CONDUCT UNIFORMLY GOOD AND AMIABLE,
FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE LATEST PERIOD OF LIFE.

THIS HUMBLE TRIBUTE
TO
DEPARTED FRIENDSHIP,
IS
MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY
THE AUTHOR.

BAY OF SWANSEA,
AN. 1, 1815.

Mihi præter acerbitatem Amici erepti, auget mæstiam, quod assidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu, non contigit. Excepissem certe mandata vocesque, quas penitus animo figerem. Omnia sine dubio, Optime Amicarum, superfuere honori tuo; paucioribus tamen lachrymis compositus es, et novissima in luce desideravere aliquid oculi tui.

A SHORT VIEW
OF THE
LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF THE LATE
LIEUT.-GENERAL VILLETTE.

THIS respectable officer was descended from one of the most ancient families in France. His ancestors were lords of Montdidier in Languedoc, in the thirteenth century, and many of them held considerable offices under different monarchs. During the civil wars, they were much distinguished for their exertions in favour of the Hugonots; and after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, they withdrew from France, and settled in this kingdom. The father of the late Lieut.-General was educated in the diplomatic line, and was many years minister plenipotentiary to the late and the present king; first

at the court of Turin, and afterwards with the Helvetic Cantons. He withdrew from public life in the year 1762, and resided at Bath till 1776, when he died, in the 75th year of his age.* His second son, William Anne Villetes, was born at Bern, on the 14th of June 1754. He received the early part of his education at Claverton school near Bath, and the latter part of it at the university of St. Andrew's. A mildness of disposition, and a regular performance of whatever it was his duty to do, qualities which through life were distinguished features of his character, were remarkable even at this early period. It was observed at school, that he never received a blow, either from his master, or any of his schoolfellows; nor was he ever known at the university to have experienced a reprimand from any of the professors, or to have been engaged in a quarrel with any of his fellow students.

With Mr. Graves, who was his school-master, and Professor Watson, in whose house he lived, he was the favourite scholar, and the favourite pupil. Friendship was in each of these instances continued through life.

* An elegant inscription to his memory, may be seen in the parish church of Weston, near Bath.

His father originally intended him for the bar, and he was accordingly entered at Lincoln's Inn, and kept two or three terms; but his ardour for a military life was so great, that Mr. Villettes at last gave way to his son's inclinations, and obtained for him, in the year 1775, a cornetcy in the 10th regiment of dragoons. In this respectable corps, Villettes continued till he rose to the rank of major. In this, as in every other part of his life, a punctual discharge of the duties of his station was constantly observed. By this he obtained the approbation of his superiors, and by his amiable manners he secured the esteem and goodwill of his equals and his inferiors.

During a great part of this period, Captain Villettes attended Sir William Pitt (then commander of the forces in Ireland) as his aid-de-camp and secretary. The character of that venerable officer requires no panegyric; and it certainly was an honour to Villettes, that he lived several years in his family, not only as his secretary, but his confidential friend. His attachment to Sir William Pitt was, indeed, that of a son to a parent; and, like all other attachments that he formed, continued in variable to the end of his life.

In the year 1792, Major Villettes quitted the dragoons, and was appointed lieut.-colonel

of the 69th regiment of foot ; which regiment, in consequence of the breaking out of the war in 1793, was sent to the Mediterranean, serving as marines on board a division of the fleet under the command of Lord Hood. From this service Col. Villettes was exempt, as being a field officer; but when Toulon was given up to the allies, he left England to take the command of his regiment, then forming a part of the garrison. His services there were much distinguished by General O'Hara, and his successor, General Dundas. The heights of Faron were entrusted to him; and during the time that he commanded in that important station, his vigilance was such, that he never retired to rest till daylight appeared. All attempts at surprise were accordingly frustrated, and every thing remained secure; the strength of the position scarcely exposing it to any other danger. At length, the French army being increased, after the reduction of Lyons, the danger to which Toulon became exposed was proportionably greater; and Col. Villettes was called to a station of still more importance, and requiring the exertion of greater military talents. This was the defence of Les Sablettes, a narrow isthmus, by which the peninsula that forms the south side of the road of Toulon is connected with the main land. As long as

this post was in our possession, the whole peninsula was secure, and the ships could remain in safety in the road : but if this had been lost, the various batteries on the peninsula might have been turned upon them ; the shipping must have removed into the bay, and the subsequent embarkation of the troops and the inhabitants would have been rendered impracticable. At this post Colonel Villettes commanded ; having under him 700 British, and 800 Neapolitan troops.

On the 16th of December, Faron was taken by surprise (but not by the fault of any British officer) ; and Fort Mulgrave, the nearest post to Les Sablettes, was carried by storm. These disasters rendered the evacuation of Toulon unavoidable. The Neapolitan troops, under the command of Colonel Villettes, behaved very well as long as they were exposed to no danger ; but when they saw that Fort Mulgrave was lost, and the French appeared ready to attack them, they retired in a body, got into their boats, and embarked on board their ships. Notwithstanding the desertion of so great a part of his force, Colonel Villettes kept up so good an appearance with the remainder, that Les Sablettes, and, of course, the whole of the peninsula, continued in our possession till the evening of the 18th ; when the evacuation of

Toulon being complete, he received orders to withdraw his troops. This service, though rendered very difficult by the proximity of the enemy, was nevertheless effected during the night; and the troops were marched to the other end of the peninsula where they were embarked in boats, which conveyed them, without loss, on board the fleet.

The next service in which Colonel Villettes was engaged, was the conquest of Corsica. He acted here in his proper station at the siege of St. Fiorenzo; and afterwards, in a more distinguished manner, at that of Bastia. Lord Hood having proposed to the commander of the land forces the attack of this latter place, and the measure being deemed inexpedient by that officer, his Lordship resolved to undertake the siege, without the assistance of any troops but those who were originally given him as marines.

Here again Colonel Villettes was not necessarily called upon to act; but though, like other officers of the land forces, he disapproved of the enterprise, not thinking it possible that the place could be so completely blocked up as to prevent any supplies from entering the harbour, yet finding the Admiral was resolved on the attempt, he volunteered his service, conceiving it a paramount duty to his king

and country to do every thing in his power to render the enterprise successful (since, at all events, it was to be undertaken); though by so doing he was to prove the Admiral's opinion to have been well founded, and that of the land officers (himself among the rest) erroneous. After a close blockade of 40 days, Bastia was taken, and Lord Hood gratefully acknowledged the essential assistance which he received on that occasion from Colonel Villettes.

The merit of this service will perhaps be more fully appreciated, when it is known, that the force which Colonel Villettes commanded, was composed of no more than 1000 British soldiers, 250 landed seamen, and 1200 Corsicans, which last were fit only to scour the country. The garrison, on the other hand, consisted of 4000 French regulars, and about as many of the armed inhabitants. Even after the surrender of the place, the difficulties of Colonel Villettes' situation did not cease. With his small force, he was to guard 8000 prisoners; and this arduous task was continued several days, the state of the weather rendering it impossible to send them away in a shorter time. For this important service Colonel Villettes was rewarded by being appointed governor of Bastia; and votes of thanks to him being proposed both in the House of Lords and House

of Commons, it seemed to be a subject of regret with all persons, that some circumstances of parliamentary etiquette rendered it impossible to accede to the motions.*

In the year 1796, an intermittent fever, of a very bad kind, which is common in Corsica, obliged Colonel Villettes to resign the government of Bastia, and return to England; and the following year, Portugal being threatened by the French, he was sent to that country, and served in the army commanded by his friend Sir Charles Stuart, about a year and a half; when the danger being for the present removed, the British troops were withdrawn, and Colonel Villettes came back to England, where he was promoted to the rank of a major-general, on the 18th of June 1798.

About this time General Villettes was appointed comptroller of the household of his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent. His enjoying that honour is supposed to have originated from the following circumstance. Some years before, that is to say, while the peace

* The high opinion which Lord Nelson entertained of Col. Villettes, and the essential service which he rendered to the public cause on this occasion, are strongly expressed in his Lordship's letters. Vide the Life of Lord Nelson by Clark.

The addresses of the Corsicans are full of gratitude, and shew that they considered themselves as being in a great measure indebted to Colonel Villettes for the recovery of the island from the French government.

still continued, Colonel Villettes having leave of absence from his regiment, went to Geneva, to spend some time with his mother, who, after she became a widow, had retired with her daughter to her native city. At this place his merit did not escape the discernment of Prince Edward, who was there at that time. An intimacy then took place, (if the word may be used without impropriety, when applied to persons in such different ranks in life,) which continued ever afterwards. It was, indeed, highly honourable to Villettes; and certainly reflected no discredit on the Prince, that a long absence in a distant part of the world did not make him forget what had passed at Geneva; and after an interval of several years, General Villettes was placed at the head of his household, when his establishment was settled. His Royal Highness continued to honour the General with his confidence as long as he lived; and it may with great truth be asserted, that his death was no where more sincerely lamented than in the very highest rank of life.

In the year 1799, General Villettes was sent to Corfu; it being then in contemplation to raise a corps of Albanians for his Majesty's service. Of the inexpediency of this measure the General was soon convinced; and however ad-

vantageous the adopting it might have proved to himself, he strongly advised the contrary, and the plan was accordingly relinquished. The mutiny which some years afterwards took place at Malta among troops of a similar description, fully proved the justice of his opinion.

When his presence was no longer necessary in Corfu, Gen. Villettes was sent to Malta; where he acted for some time as second in command to General Pigot, and after his departure in 1801, as commander-in-chief of the forces, in which important situation he remained till the year 1807. Those persons who recollect the stipulations concerning Malta in the treaty of Amiens, the discussions which arose during the peace in consequence of those stipulations, and the value attached to this island by all parties since the renewal of hostilities; and who at the same time consider the situation of Malta, with respect to Naples, Sicily, Egypt, and indeed the whole of the Mediterranean and the Levant, will readily conceive that there were few situations, in which a firm, temperate, and judicious conduct could be more requisite than in the command of the forces in that island. It may safely be asserted, that few men were superior to General Villettes in the qualities from which such a conduct originates. His judgment was

so good, that he seldom stood in need of advice, yet, on every proper occasion, he was ready to listen to it; to adopt it with candour, if he judged it to be right; or to adhere to his own opinion, if he saw no just grounds for abandoning it. His firmness in pursuing the line of conduct which he thought it his duty to adopt, was equally remarkable; and to these qualities were united a temper the least irritable, and manners the most conciliatory, that can well be imagined. The favourite maxim of, "*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re,*" has perhaps seldom been more perfectly exemplified. Many instances occurred during his command in Malta, in which these qualities were exerted, and exerted with the very best effects. When Tomasi, the French elected Grand Master, laid claim to the island; when a French agent sought an occasion of quarrel, and endeavoured to raise a disturbance in the theatre, as had been done successfully at Rome, Naples, and elsewhere; when a most alarming mutiny took place among the foreign troops in Fort Ricasoli; on all these, and on many other occasions, the firm, temperate, and judicious conduct of Gen. Villettes was successfully employed.

In the year 1807, the personal and professional merit of this officer, his perfect knowledge of most of the European languages, and

his long acquaintance with the military systems of the continental powers, pointed him out to his Majesty's government as a proper person to command the foreign troops who were to form a part of the army intended to be sent to the Baltic, under Lord Cathcart. General Villettes was accordingly recalled from Malta; but, though he obeyed the summons with the utmost promptitude, it was found impossible for him to arrive in England in time to take any share in the northern expedition. That expedition was accordingly dispatched under other commanders, whose able and successful conduct is well known; and General Villettes was, soon after his arrival, appointed to a situation still more honourable, but eventually fatal to him.

It was in the month of September 1807, that this valuable officer, now a lieutenant-general, returned to England, a country in which he had passed so small a portion of his life, as to be much less known in it than his worth deserved. It was also a country which he was now to visit for the last time. His reception from his superiors, and from his friends, was such as was justly due to his services and his merit. He was soon after appointed colonel of the 64th regiment of infantry; and his talents were not suffered to remain long unemployed.

A proper person was wanted to be commander of the forces, and lieutenant-governor of Jamaica. Many circumstances in the situation of that island rendered it necessary to be particularly careful in the appointment of a general officer suited to that important trust. General Villettes was selected for this purpose; and it would perhaps have been difficult to have found a man more capable of fulfilling the duties of the station to the satisfaction of government, and for the benefit of the colony. He was accordingly appointed lieutenant-governor and commander of the forces in Jamaica, with the rank of a general in that island, in the latter end of the year 1807.

Highly honourable as this appointment was, General Villettes would willingly have declined it. His constitution, which was never very strong, had been much impaired by bilious complaints; and having been absent from England during almost the whole of the last fourteen years; he would gladly have remained some time in this country. The last day before he embarked at Spithead was spent at St. Boniface in the Isle of Wight, at the house of the earliest friend of his youth; to whom, in confidential conversation, he expressed his belief, that the climate of Jamaica would be fatal to him; "but," he added, "I would not

“ object to going there on that account; for if
 “ I were ordered to march up to a battery, I
 “ should do it, though I might be of opinion
 “ that I should be killed before my troops
 “ could carry it; and, in like manner, I think
 “ I ought not to hesitate as to Jamaica, if his
 “ Majesty’s service requires it, though I may
 “ be of opinion that I shall fall a victim to the
 “ climate.”

But little is known in England of what happened in Jamaica during the short period that General Villettes lived after his arrival in that island. It is, however, well known, that his amiable disposition, and that firm but conciliatory conduct which always formed so remarkable a part of his character, soon engaged the confidence and esteem of the whole community.

In the month of July, he undertook a military tour of inspection through the island. Neither the state of his health, which was not very good, nor the weather, which was unfavourable, could induce him to postpone doing what he considered to be his duty.

General Villettes left Kingston on the 3d of July, and proceeded as far as Port Antonio, where he inspected some of the troops. He set out from thence on the 11th, to go to Buff Bay, in the parish of St. George, to inspect a

battalion of the 60th, which was stationed there; but in this journey he was seized with a fever, which, on the third day, put a fatal period to his existence. He died on the 13th of July, at Mrs. Brown's estate, named Union; retaining in his last moments the same serenity of mind for which his whole life had been so remarkably distinguished.

The regret expressed on this occasion by all descriptions of persons in Jamaica far exceeded what could have been supposed possible, when the short period that General Villettes had resided among them is taken into consideration. His body was interred near Kingston, in the parish of Half-Way Tree, in which he resided. The funeral was attended by the Duke of Manchester, (the governor of the island,) as chief mourner, and was conducted with all the military honours so justly due to the rank and merit of the deceased.

To say much of the character of General Villettes would here be superfluous. It may, in some degree, be learned from the foregoing sketch of his life. His many amiable qualities are already well known to those who knew him; and by such as did not enjoy that pleasure, the enumeration of them would be suspected to proceed from flattery. One circumstance alone shall be a little enlarged upon, as conveying an

useful lesson—an example worthy of imitation. Few men have possessed, in a degree superior to General Villettes, the talent of acquiring the good-will of almost all, the ill-will of scarce any who knew him. The chief reason was, that he felt good-will towards all, and his conduct was suitable to his feelings. His friendship, though by no means restricted to a few, was far from being indiscriminate; but any person who once really enjoyed it, was sure that it would never be withdrawn. The first connexion of this nature that he ever formed, was with a school-fellow of his own age,* who was afterwards his fellow student at the university. This was followed by an uninterrupted confidential correspondence during forty years. Their intimacy in that whole period never once experienced the smallest abatement or interruption, but went on, constantly strengthened and matured as life advanced, and could only be terminated by death. On his entrance into the military profession, General Villettes' first intimacy was with a contemporary officer† in the tenth regiment of dragoons, (now a much-esteemed lieutenant-general,) and that friendship, like the former, continued constant to the last moment. When

* Thomas Bowdler, esq; of St. Boniface, in the Isle of Wight.

† Lieut.-General W. Cartwright, Equerry to his Majesty.

the death of his parents put General Villetes in possession of some property, he considered the friends of his family as his own friends; and the management of his pecuniary concerns was ever after intrusted to a very respectable gentleman,* at the head of one of the first foreign houses in the city.

The dean and chapter of Westminster, at the request of the three friends above mentioned, consented that a monument should be placed in Westminster Abbey to the memory of this much-lamented officer. It was accordingly soon afterwards erected, and may be seen in the same chapel with the much-admired Nightingale tomb, close to the monument of the General's late friend, the Hon. Sir Charles Stuart.

The inscription is as follows:

" Sacred to the memory of Lieut.-General William-
 " Anne Villetes, second son of Arthur Villetes, esq;
 " his late Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary at the
 " Court of Turin, and to the Helvetic Cantons, who,
 " during a period of thirty-three years, rendered es-
 " sential service to his country, at Toulon, in Corsica,
 " at Malta, and in many other places. In consideration
 " of these services, he was appointed Colonel of the
 " 64th regiment of infantry, and Lieut.-Governor and
 " Commander of the Forces in Jamaica; but while en-
 " gaged in a tour of military inspection in that Island,
 " he was seized with a fever, and died near Port Antonio,

* James Cazenove, esq; of Old Broad-street, London.

“ on the 18th of July, 1808, aged 54 years. A worthy
 “ member of society was thus taken from the public ;
 “ a valuable officer was lost to the king’s service; and
 “ the island of Jamaica was deprived of a man well
 “ calculated to promote its happiness and prosperity.
 “ His residence there was indeed short, yet his manly
 “ but mild virtues, his dignified but affable deport-
 “ ment, and his firm but conciliating conduct, had
 “ secured him the confidence and esteem of the whole
 “ community—

“ The sculptur’d marble shall dissolve in dust,
 “ And fame, and wealth, and honours, pass away ;
 “ Not so the triumphs of the good and just,
 “ Not such the glories of eternal day.”

On the black marble, which relieves the
 monument from the wall, are these lines,

“ Amicitiae superstiti sacrum voluerunt.”
 “ W. Cartwright, J. Cazenove, T. Bowdler.”

Westmacot sculpsit.

We shall close our remarks concerning this
 truly respectable officer, with observing, that
 his two brothers having died unmarried, the
 male line of this very ancient family, and of
 course the name of Villettes, is now become
 extinct. The General’s property, which was
 not very considerable, descends to his only
 sister, a lady of great merit, who has been
 many years married, and settled at Geneva.*

* Miss Villettes, after her father’s death, accompanied her mother
 to Geneva, where she was married to Albert Turretini, a gentle-

The management of it was intrusted to the friends of his earliest years, and his will, like every other part of his conduct through life, manifested that kind attention to all who were connected with him, from the highest to the lowest, which was expressive of the good heart and considerate mind, of the testator.

man of that city, by whom she had two sons, viz. Charles, who is now the only representative of the family, and Albert, who entered into the British service, and was aid-de-camp to his late uncle in Jamaica, where he died of the same fatal fever two days after the decease of the General.

An elegant monument to the memory of General Villettes was sent to Jamaica, as soon as the monument in Westminster Abbey was completed; Mr. Westmacott was again employed as the sculptor. The epitaph, with a few alterations suited to the change of situation, is the same as the former; but below the monument of the General is placed a tablet with the following inscription to the memory of his Nephew.

" In memory of Captain Albert Turretini, second son of Albert Turretini, esq; and Mary his wife, the sister of General Villette's

" This amiable young officer was aid-de-camp to his worthy uncle, and promised to be the heir of his virtues; but a fever similar to that which deprived Jamaica of the excellent Commander of the Forces, put a period also to the life of his affectionate nephew. He expired two days after the death of Gen. Villettes, and was buried at Port Antonio, July 15th, 1808.

" Aged 24 years."

General Villettes was esteemed and beloved in every place in proportion as he was known. The inhabitants of Malta, where he was six years commander of the forces, were gratified by having a handsome memorial of him sent by his sister to that island.

POSTSCRIPT.

January, 1815.

Mr. Charles Turrettini, the only surviving nephew, and worthy successor of General Villettes, was married, in the year 1807, to Mademoiselle Necker of Geneva. The amiable sister and brother-in-law of the General, the parents of the deceased Albert Turrettini, have, since his death, had the consolation of seeing four grandchildren, whose birth affords a prospect of the continuance of the two respectable families of Villettes and Turrettini, from which they are descended.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.

The following Letters were written in the course of a Journey to Geneva, undertaken in performance of the last duty of an Executor to the Sister and Family of a deceased Friend. They are now collected and published, to promote a Charitable Object in Swansea.

I pray you in your letters,

* * * * *

Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.

*Letters written in the course of a Journey
through France to Geneva.*

LETTER I.

To ———, SWANSEA.

SIR,

Paris, July 10, 1814.

WHEN three years have passed in pleasing tranquillity, without the occurrence of any circumstance calculated to diminish the happiness which results from serenity and peace, a grateful mind is led in the first instance to look up to the Giver of all good, and in a secondary light to turn the thoughts to the persons to whom such enjoyments are principally owing. These reflections might indeed at any time be entertained with propriety; but how forcibly must they be impressed on the mind of a person who contemplates the state of misery and tumult in

which a considerable part of the human race has during that period been involved. When I viewed this morning the cannon-balls still fixed in the walls of houses in Pantin and Romainville, I could not help looking back with grateful feelings to the undisturbed tranquillity of the Bay of Swansea.

Soon after I left Calais, I was struck with the melody of an Italian air, sung by some poor men walking before me ; it was a revolutionary song ; the men were Italian prisoners returning from England, and I found by their conversation that their sentiments were similar to those of the Frenchmen who were lately embarked at Swansea. As I had left my carriage a little way behind me, and was on horseback, I accompanied them for some time, and the soldiers seeing me alone, and finding that I spoke Italian, conversed very freely. They did not appear to care about the re-establishment of their own government, (they were Venetians,) but they spoke of Bonaparte as a great conqueror, and seemed full of the idea of his having intended to make Italy a kingdom of some importance among the powers of the continent. I believe, not only from the conversation of these men, but from many other circumstances, that the late Emperor took great pains, to impress similar notions in the

minds of the Italian soldiers, in order to attach them to his government.

At Abbeville, I spent part of the evening with a French gentleman, who in many respects appeared to be well informed, and a man of a liberal mind, but I found with regret that he had adopted an opinion concerning the Slave Trade, which I fear is too general in France. He attacked me very strongly on that subject, urging it as a proof of insincerity on the part of Great-Britain. "We affected the praise of liberality in restoring her colonies to France, but we meant to deprive her of the means of deriving any advantage from them." It was in vain that I spoke to him of humanity; that I told him I was present when Mr. Wilberforce first introduced the subject in the House of Commons; that I had paid unremitting attention to the progress of the business during the many years which elapsed before the passing of the Abolition Act. I assured him, that if there was any one point on which I could take upon myself to speak with perfect confidence, it was, that my countrymen, from the time that they were fully apprized of the nature of the trade, and the great evils which result from it, had with the most perfect sincerity, and from motives of the purest humanity, been desirous of seeing it abolished by every nation in the world.

All this produced no effect on my companion. Our debate was carried on in civil and friendly terms, but his behaviour plainly shewed, that he was ever ready to interrupt me, and say, "do you Englishmen suppose that we are so weak as to be the dupes of such hypocritical language?"*

The next morning I was waked at an early hour with martial music, and saw a regiment of English dragoons; it was the 18th regiment returning from Toulouse, and going to embark at Boulogne. The appearance of the men and horses was extremely good, better indeed than could have been expected after such service, and such a journey. They expressed themselves well satisfied with the treatment which they experienced in France from all persons except returning prisoners, many of whom behaved with insolence. It has given me pleasure to hear from all the French with whom I have conversed, that the conduct of our troops in France has been as good in peace, as we know it to have been in war. I parted from those brave fellows with a hearty wish that they may enjoy in their own country the

* During the whole of my journey both in going to Geneva, and in returning from it, I never met with one Frenchman who expressed himself on the subject of the Slave Trade, in a different manner from the gentleman with whom I conversed at Abbeville.

laurels and the gratitude to which their bravery and their success have entitled them.

Proceeding through Picardy, I was struck with the apparent high state of cultivation of the country, and the prospect of an abundant harvest, though this province is not one of the finest in France. The last harvest was very good; and the present prospect is such, that bread is little more than a penny a pound. Let it not, however, be supposed that all things are proportionably cheap in this country; some articles of food, and many of other kinds, are much dearer in France than in England. My method of travelling gave me an opportunity of acquiring more information of the sentiments of the country people than a person who travels post can possibly obtain. I frequently quitted my carriage, and proceeding with no other company than my horse, entered into conversation with the labourers in the field, and the cottagers in the villages. One sentiment appeared universal, namely, joy at being no longer subject to the Conscription; the rigour of which was such, that it would be difficult to describe it in terms adequate to the distress which it occasioned. Boys of sixteen were torn from their parents; and I was informed that no less a sum than 200l. sterling was paid

for a substitute, by persons who were just able to raise the money.

At Chantilly I saw the spot where the fine palace of the Prince of Condé once stood, of which little was left by revolutionary fury, except the stables. The Prince has not yet been there, but his return appears to be earnestly and very generally desired.

The Church of St. Denis was another object calculated to excite serious reflections. The sepulchres of the dead were violated, as well as the palaces of the living. All the coffins of the kings of France were taken from the royal vaults, and burned near the church, in a spot where a little garden has since been made. St. Denis, however, is now going to be repaired; and if I may judge from what is already done, it will be a magnificent church, but very different from what it formerly was.

At no great distance from Paris, I saw a regiment of French cuirassiers, who were just returned from Hamburgh. Their polished-steel breast-plates, which weighed 22 lbs., their helmets, the horse-hair hanging from the helmet, and the armour for the back, altogether gave them a very martial appearance; not very unlike the pictures of our ancestors, which we still see in their family mansions. The language of these cuirassiers was somewhat

guarded, but in general it was pretty much what might be expected from those troops who had formed the garrison of Hamburgh, a city where the events which have taken place, are too well known to stand in need of any comment or recital.

With every good wish to you, your town, and all in its vicinity, I remain your's, &c.

P. S. I shall at present say nothing of this place, except that I have seen here, in good health, and good spirits, a gentleman, who during a residence of many years in or near Swansea, deserved and acquired the goodwill and esteem of all who knew him; I scarcely need say that his name is Sejan.

LETTER II.

Paris, July 18th, 1814.

I Have employed this day in examining the scene of action of the 30th of March. If a traveller is desirous of acquiring a perfect knowledge of that ever-memorable day, I would advise him, in the first place, to go to a windmill at the east end of Montmartre, from whence he will have an excellent bird's-eye view of the greater part of the field of battle. At this place let him read the account which is given in the London Gazette of April 6th. He should then descend the hill, and crossing the Canal de L'Ourque, proceed to the village of Pantin. Here the marks of the engagement are indeed manifest in the appearance of the half-ruined houses, and the cannon-balls still remaining fixed in many of the walls; others I saw lying in different rooms, being left in the places in which they fell. The possession of this village was obstinately contested, and it was at last carried at the point of the bayonet. From Pantin the traveller should proceed a little way along the high road to Bondy, and then turning to the right should ascend the Heights of Romainville. Here he will not

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stand in need of instruction to follow the course of the battle. Its progress through the village is marked in characters which cannot be mistaken. The villa of General Valence should next be visited: here were the head-quarters of the Allied Sovereigns during part of the day. Not far off is a little Inn, just beyond the plantations, where I dined: this was the scene of the hottest part of the engagement. I found the people at this place very intelligent, and more dispassionate than I could have expected, considering that the house was so pierced with cannon shot, as to have been nearly beat down, and almost every thing belonging to them entirely destroyed. Just by is a mound of earth which covers a great number of dead bodies that were buried in a pit under it. The traveller will now find himself on a woody hill, which reaches from Romainville to Belleville. Through the plantations which almost cover this hill, the allies forced their way at the expence of much blood. Proceeding towards Belleville, a road goes off to the right hand, and descends to St Gervais. It would be worth while to take that road, and examine that village, and then, returning in the same manner, proceed to Belleville. Here you may have a good view towards Vincennes, and going quite through Belleville,-

you come very soon to the Buttes de Chaumont, which command the whole of that part of the field of battle, which is not visible from the windmill of Montmartre. At this place the ridge of the hill on which the French were entrenched, from Romainville to Belleville, terminates abruptly. Paris is here seen immediately below you, and a very short time would be sufficient to go from the bottom of the Buttes de Chaumont to the Barrier which leads to the Temple. I shall not attempt to describe the battle, or add any thing to the account which is given in the Gazette. The advantage in numbers was on the side of the Allies, in situation on that of the French. The troops on both sides are said to have fought with equal courage, but the persevering energy of the Allies overcame all obstacles, though at the expense of much bloodshed in the contest.

The French were finally driven from all the positions which they occupied on the outside of the Boulevards of Paris, and that city was at the mercy of the Allied Princes. The event which followed is I believe without a parallel in history.

The rich capital of a great and opulent nation, was now taken by force, without capitulation for its safety, nothing having been said respecting it, but that it was recommended

to the generosity of the Allies. This town was not burnt, was not destroyed, was not plundered; the inhabitants as well as the city suffered no injury; but as the French themselves acknowledge, derived advantage, instead of prejudice, from the entry of the allied army. Let it at the same time be considered, that this army was composed of troops of three nations; that Russians might say, our capital, Moscow, was burnt in consequence of your unjust invasion. Austrians and Prussians might say, our capitals were plundered by you; wherever your arms prevailed, rapine and pillage equally prevailed. Notwithstanding all this, Paris and its inhabitants remained inviolate. The supplies which were furnished to the foreign troops were honourably paid for, the valuable monuments of the fine arts, which had been disgracefully stolen by the French from oppressed Italy, were not taken away; nothing, as far as I can learn, was carried from Paris, but a statue of Napoleon, which he had placed on the top of a *fac simile* of Trajan's pillar in the Place Vendôme. This statue was ordered by the Emperor Alexander to be sent to Petersburg.

Champagne and other parts of France which were the seat of war suffered, as I am told, very considerably, and perhaps unavoidably; and the cannon-balls which I saw sticking in the

walls, the broken windows, and still unrepaired houses in Pantin and Romainville, gave me ocular proof of the state of villages taken by force after an obstinate resistance.

Paris, on the contrary, suffered no loss, but was actually a gainer by the entrance of the allied forces; the increased value both of the luxuries and the necessities of life, enriching all those who had any thing to dispose of. The price of lodgings, of food, of raiment, I might almost say of every thing, was immediately raised to such an amount as would scarcely be credited, if I were to mention it.

Another reflection occurred to me when I viewed the Canal de L'Ourque, which I cannot help mentioning as being rather of a singular nature. This canal is one of many great works undertaken by Bonaparte to embellish and improve Paris. It supplies the town with wholesome water, of which few cities stood so much in need; and the fountains in different streets and squares add as much to its beauty, as to its convenience. But when this noble work was undertaken, who could have imagined that one advantage to be derived from it would be the impeding the approach of a Russian army.

I remain, your's, &c.

LETTER III.

Gibbeville, July 22.

IT would be idle to attempt a description of Paris in this letter; it may be found in many publications; I shall confine myself to a few observations. The general appearance of the city is greatly improved; the bridges, the quays, the fountains, &c. attest the attention which was paid by Bonaparte to whatever could be gratifying to the inhabitants of the capital. On the other hand, the population of Paris has been greatly diminished, 70,000 men are stated to have been furnished to the French armies by this city; and the number of its inhabitants is said to be reduced to less than 600,000. The diminution was not sensible to my superficial view of the streets, but it is universally allowed that Paris has lost a tenth of its population. I mentioned in a former letter, that in distant parts of France 200l. sterling was paid for a substitute during the conscription. I saw persons in Paris who had paid 400l. and I heard of

persons who were said to have paid double that sum.

I was twice at the *Comedie Française*; the house was full, but the appearance of the company, particularly the women, was the reverse of elegant or genteel. A cautious silence seemed to be observed by the audience on all subjects that had a political allusion. I observed but two exceptions. A slight applause was given to the Duke of Berri, when he entered the theatre; and some clapping and laughing took place, when an actor in the farce said, *I love soldiers, we never had so great need of them.* None of the Royal Family were visible, while I was at Paris, but the Duke of Berri; the King being ill at the Tuilleries, and Monsieur at St. Cloud; the Duke d'Angouleme, was in the western provinces, and the Duchess in bad health at Vichy.

The meetings of the Senate are not open to any persons. I was present at one assembly of the Corps Legislatif; the room is handsome, and the dress of the members (blue embroidered with gold) has a good effect. The debate was not very interesting; the speakers were numerous, but the speeches not long, nor very striking.

I went to view the ruins of the Temple before I left Paris. I say the ruins, for Bonaparte, some years since, ordered all that part of the

building to be pulled down in which the Royal Family had been confined. A model of the towers remains, and that is sufficient to give some idea of the misery of their situation.

Malmaison, where Josephine lived and died, is a good house, elegantly furnished, in a low, dull situation, about five miles from Paris. Her servants, and indeed every body in the neighbourhood, spoke of her with great affection and regret. Her conduct in private life, and her charities to the poor, have, I believe, been for some years past very commendable.

Versailles has gone much to decay. I should have gone to see it, but I understand that it is now full of workmen, and undergoing a thorough repair.

It would, perhaps, be unpardonable, if I were to quit Paris without saying any thing of the Museum. It is, undoubtedly, the finest collection in the world; yet I confess that I have felt more pleasure in viewing those noblest monuments of sculpture and painting at Rome, than I now experienced at Paris. The Apollo and the Laocöon were seen to more advantage in the Vatican than in the Louvre. The Transfiguration has been so damaged, so restored, and so varnished, that I scarcely could have known it to be the same picture which I have so often viewed with admiration at Rome,

and the same may be said of many other *chef d'œuvres* of the greatest masters. I must, however, acknowledge, that on this subject I am not an unprejudiced person, for in viewing the Museum at Paris, rich with the spoils of defenceless Rome, I never can banish from my mind the idea of the shop of a Jew broker, filled with the watches and jewels which have been plundered from unoffending travellers on Hounslow or on Bagshot heaths.

I cannot quit this subject without adding that as I have long been a most enthusiastic admirer of Raphael, I deeply lament the injury which has been done to the Transfiguration, and the Madona della Sedia, on account of the injury which will result from it to the fame of the first of painters. Let a few years pass, and no one will remain who has seen those inimitable works in their original beauty. The next generation will form their judgment from what they see in the Louvre, and contemplating the Transfiguration in its present disfigured state, will suppose the merit of the artist to have been far inferior to what they would certainly have esteemed it, if they could have seen this master-piece of painting in the state in which it was long seen in St. Pietro di Montorio. I would recommend the stranger who wishes to become acquainted with Raphael, from the

pictures in the Louvre, to fix his attention on the Cecilia from Bologna.

I remain, your's, &c.

P. S. July 23. If any of my countrymen, disgusted with the reception which they experience at Paris, and in other places in France, suppose that friendly unaffected hospitality is no where to be found, I would advise them to endeavour to procure an introduction to the Villa in which I am now writing.

LETTER IV.

Fontainebleau July 23, 1814.

I Resolved to give one day to Fontainebleau, where the last days of the Emperor of France were spent. The town is small, in a low situation, surrounded by an extensive forest, which rendered it a favourite hunting seat of the Kings of France. The palace is large and very old; part of it is of the time of Francis the First, and one tower is said to be as old as St. Lewis. The principal apartments were, within these few years, fitted up by Bonaparte in a style of magnificence superior to most palaces in Europe; the Hall of Audience, the Council Chamber, the dining-room, and the bedchambers of the Emperor and the Empress, are covered with a profusion of gilding, which astonishes, but does not please, the eye of an Englishman. At this place Bonaparte arrived on the 30th of March, hastening to the defence of Paris, which his ill-judged march to the eastward had left exposed to the Allies. He proceeded forward with four of his principal officers with the utmost expedition, and from

the best information that I can obtain, he was within four leagues of Paris about two hours after the Russians entered the town. If the place had still held out, I believe there is no doubt that his intention was to enter it, and to defend it, if possible, till the next day, when his army from Fontainebleau would have joined him; and if that had taken place, he would probably have risked the destruction of Paris, and have pushed every thing to the last extremity. Disappointed in this hope, he returned to Corbeil, about half-way between the capital and Fontainebleau; and finding by the next advices that there was no hope of recovering Paris, he went back to his army. It is not easy to know exactly what the number of his troops might at that time amount to; it is generally said to have been between 60 and 70,000. The soldiers are supposed to have been ready to follow him, but his officers, and particularly the general officers, had lost much of the confidence which they once placed in him; they considered his situation as being quite desperate, and refused to undertake any thing more against the Allies. From this time Bonaparte appears to have been as totally depressed in spirits as he was in fortune. He remained at Fontainebleau till the 20th of April; but during that time he seldom went out of

the palace. His attempts to secure the empire to his son, and his other negotiations, were on his part feeble, and ill conducted. He prolonged his stay at Fontainebleau as much as possible, deferring his departure under various pretences; but at last he found it necessary to begin his journey. Till that day nothing worth notice took place; but every person that I spoke to assured me, that at his departure his behaviour was in the highest degree affecting. He addressed the troops with great feeling, but not without dignity; he thanked them for their exertions and their fidelity; wished that he could embrace every one of them, but as that was impossible, he would embrace the commanding officer, and the eagle. Great part of the assembly were in tears, and the eyes of Bonaparte were not free from them. Since his departure, his picture, and various inscriptions and emblematical ornaments, have been removed from the palace, the gardens, and the adjoining buildings; but two golden eagles in the magnificent entrance to the court of the palace still remain; perhaps they will not remain many hours longer.

On Monday a grand entertainment is to be given by the Duke de Berri. In the principal avenue to the palace great preparations are making on this account; arches of triumph,

with white flags, fleurs de lis, and all the ornaments of flowers and foliage, with suitable inscriptions, are preparing on every side but though all the troops, and I might almost say, all Fontainebleau is to partake of feasting and dancing, there is yet a gloom in the place, which I think cannot be mistaken. I am not a disciple of Lavater, but I think that no person of the smallest discernment can find it difficult to distinguish between real and affected happiness. No person who travelled through Picardy as I have done, could possibly doubt of the sincerity of the joy with which the peasants expressed themselves at being released from the conscription; and I confess that I feel equally convinced of the sentiments of the inhabitants of Fontainebleau in general, and the military in particular, being widely different.

The Pope was a prisoner in this palace during 20 months. He was lodged in the apartments which the King used to occupy when he was Monsieur; they are handsome, but nothing more. His Holiness never went out, nor received company.

I remain, your's, &c.

P. S. The inn at this place is as expensive as the very best inns near our own metropolis.

LETTER V.

Poligny, July 30, 1814.

I Have employed seven days in coming from Fontainebleau to this place, a distance of about 220 miles, travelling slowly, and endeavouring to acquire the best information respecting the state of the country through which I passed, and the sentiments of its inhabitants. No signs of war, or of the march of armies, were visible in the fields, for they were every where covered with vines, and with luxuriant crops of all kinds of grain; but in several villages and hamlets which had been the scenes of different engagements, some ruined buildings were still unrepaired; and I observed many gentlemen's houses near the high road, which had evidently been plundered, and not yet restored to their former condition. I crossed several rivers on planks, laid to form a temporary communication where the bridges had been broken down by the French to obstruct the march of the allied armies. Of

the field of battle at Montereau I had an exceeding good view, and a well-contested engagement it certainly was. As I proceeded further I quitted the country which had been the seat of war, but I heard accounts in every place of the march and behaviour of the Austrian and French troops. The Russians and Prussians were not in this part of France. In general the inhabitants, both of the towns and of the country villages, acknowledged that they suffered less from the soldiers than might have been expected. They ate and drank, and took for themselves and their horses whatever they wanted, without paying for any thing; but this was all that was complained of. I scarcely heard of any instances of pillage, cruelty, or the wanton destruction of property; and I think it was every where confessed, that the French troops did more harm than the Austrians. Many fine churches and large buildings adjoining (formerly monasteries or convents) are to be seen in ruins in various parts of France; but these are the remains of revolutionary fury, not the consequences of the late war.

My slow method of travelling, sometimes in my carriage, and sometimes on my horse, gave me an opportunity of seeing a good deal of the country, and conversing as much as I pleased with the inhabitants. I could allow the car-

riage to go forwards while I chatted with a peasant in the fields; or I could ride forwards and converse with the owners of a cottage, or a cabaret, till the carriage rejoined me. I have seldom seen a country in a higher state of cultivation, than the part of France through which I travelled in coming from Paris to this place. The crops of grain of all kinds, now nearly ripe, had indeed a most luxuriant aspect. The last harvest was very abundant, and the approaching harvest promises to be equally so. The consequence is, that notwithstanding the increased consumption, occasioned by the foreign armies; notwithstanding the waste of provisions, inseparable from a state of war; and notwithstanding the season of the year, when the quantity of old corn in the country may naturally be supposed to be the least abundant; France is at this moment amply supplied with all kinds of grain, the price of which is of course very reasonable, and not such as a bill at an inn at Fontainebleau might lead one to imagine. I saw the harvest of rye beginning in Burgundy on the 26th of July, and the barley harvest in Franche Comté on the 29th; the wheat harvest was to commence in a few days. The reapers were almost all of the female sex; and the reap-hook, not the scythe, was used for the barley as well as for

the other kinds of grain. Hemp and flax looked well; and in Franche Comté I saw some Indian corn, which made almost, but not quite, as fine an appearance as in the plains of Lombardy. The prospect of a good vintage was not equal to that of the harvest; but the fine weather in July had rendered the state of the vines more promising than it was at Midsummer.

As far as I could judge of the sentiments of the peasants, and in general of the lower class of persons in this part of France, I should say that they care but little whether they have a King or an Emperor, whether he is Louis or Napoleon; but they all wish to be free from the conscription. Of the military and the returning prisoners, I believe it may generally be said, that they love war, and would be glad to see it renewed; and I believe it may be asserted of almost all Frenchmen who think at all, that they feel their national pride and vanity (of both they possess a large share) deeply wounded at the manner in which this long war was brought to a close; and they cannot endure the idea of submitting quietly and permanently to a peace, which deprives France of all those conquests, of which the acquisition had cost so much blood, and the possession had added so greatly to the power and influence of a nation, which aspired at nothing less than universal

dominion. Perhaps the pang of disappointed ambition has been felt the more deeply, because the wound has been inflicted by a rival, the destruction of whose power has long been the great object of the wishes and exertions of the French nation. This object, notwithstanding the friendly disposition of the French king, will, I believe, long continue in the breast of the greater part of his subjects. They all are sensible that the Duke of Wellington's victories encouraged the Allies to attempt, and the subsidies of England enabled them to perform, what would otherwise never have been attempted, or if attempted would never have been completely successful.

I remain, your's, &c.

LETTER VI.

Geneva, August 12, 1814.

AT Poligny I quitted the fertile plain of Franche Comté, and entered the mountainous tract of the Jura, which continues almost to the territory of Geneva, a distance of about seventy miles. At the first-mentioned place I was struck with the frequent appearance of tumours in the throat, which in the language of this country are called *goitres*, a word which we have pretty generally adopted in English. Several of those which I saw at Poligny, were as large as oranges, but not so large as some which I have frequently seen in the Valais. Like the latter, they occasion no pain, and but little inconvenience; and the deformity is not much attended to. The occasion of them does not seem to be thoroughly ascertained; I have seen them in Hungary, at the foot of the Carpathian mountains, in the vallies at the foot of the Alps, and under the Jura at Poligny. The drinking snow-water has

been sometimes ascribed as the cause of the disorder, but I think not satisfactorily; for the tumours are more frequent among those who live at the bottom of the mountains, (of whose drink the melted snow forms but a small part,) than they are among the inhabitants of the higher regions, whose chief supply of water is of that description. I should rather suppose that these swellings are owing to impurities contracted by the water in running over some particular kinds of soil with that violence which a mountain torrent acquires, before it arrives at the end of its descent, and becomes a tranquil stream. The Rhone, when it descends from the Alps, and enters the lake of Geneva, is muddy, like milk and water, and *goitres* abound among those who drink it. All impurities subside during its long course in this beautiful lake; it issues from it clear as the finest crystal, and no such tumours are to be seen at Geneva.

The ascent of the Jura is steep and rugged, the views are picturesque, as mountain scenery almost always is; but I do not think that this is quite equal to many others. At Les Rousses, a village near the highest part of the road, I observed one circumstance, which would lead me to hope that French infidelity had not extended its baneful influence to the seques-

tered inhabitants of the mountains in the extremity of the kingdom. In France I observed that the number of the churches was much diminished, and when I went into any of them, I found them nearly empty, or I may safely assert, very generally ill attended. At Les Rousses, on a Sunday morning, I went into the church, and found it crowded both with men and women. The priest was delivering a plain discourse upon sincerity, and the congregation appeared to listen with a good deal of attention.

The descent of the Jura is the most striking object of the kind that I ever beheld, though I am told that the passage of the Simplon far exceeds it. Instead of broken rocks and precipices, among which it was absolutely impossible for any carriage, and very difficult for a mule, to pass, a most excellent road has been made by Bonaparte, which is a work worthy of Trajan or Augustus. An inscription on a pillar commemorates the completion of this stupendous and most useful undertaking.

I remain, your's, &c.

P. S. August 15. A very sensible and well-informed friend, who left Paris a fortnight after me, says that the state of the public mind

in that city appeared to be gradually improving. He adds, that if I had travelled through Champagne instead of Burgundy, I should have seen far more striking effects of the ravages of war : that he saw many towns much damaged, and many villages and hamlets totally destroyed and burnt to the ground.

Let us all feel duly grateful to God and our country, that no such calamities have been experienced in our happy island !

I have said nothing to you of the close of my journey, or my arrival at Geneva, because it would be impossible to do justice to the warm expressions of friendship with which I was received at this place. The meeting of two persons whose childhood and youth were spent in the intercourse of sincere and uninterrupted friendship, and who have been separated from each other during thirty-five years, as far as England is distant from Geneva, may be justly felt, but cannot be easily described.

LETTER VII.

Geneva, Sept. 10.

I Have this day visited Ferney, once the residence of the celebrated Voltaire. The village is between three and four miles from Geneva, on the territory of France. At one end of it is a small church, over the door of which I remember to have seen, in 1779, the following inscription, *Deo crexit Voltaire*. He was in the habit of saying that many persons had built churches to the honour of the Virgin, St. Peter, &c. but that he was the only person who had built one to the honour of God. In the violent proceedings of the Revolutionists, the inscription was removed, and the church was shut up during several years. Divine service is now performed in it as usual; and I was told that the inhabitants of Ferney have ordered the old inscription to be engraved on a new stone, which is to be placed as formerly over the door. I have always considered that inscription as one of many circumstances which

prove that vanity was the ruling passion of Voltaire; I fear it is also a proof that truth was not one of his ruling passions. The church was not built to the honour of God, but to the gratification of vanity. I would willingly write under Voltaire's inscription the beautiful lines of our own poet:

“ Who builds a church to God, and not to *Fame*,

“ Will ne'er inscribe the portal with his *name*.”

The church has nothing remarkable in it. On the outside is a tomb, which Voltaire built with the intention of being buried in it; but as he died at Paris his remains were not brought to Ferney, but were deposited at Sessieres, till they were removed by the Revolutionary Government, and conveyed with great ceremony to the Pantheon at Paris.

At a short distance from the church is the house, which is neither more nor less than a good residence for a private gentleman; it stands in a pleasant situation, with a good garden, but has nothing particular, either in or near it, to distinguish it from the multitude of delightful villas with which the neighbourhood of Geneva abounds. When Voltaire died, his niece Madame Denys succeeded to his property; and after her death, Ferney was sold to one of the respectable

family of Budé, who now resides in the house. The bedchamber in which Voltaire used to sleep has been kept by those who have succeeded him, in exactly the same state in which he kept it in his life-time; the bed and bedding, the chairs and furniture, the pictures, prints, and in short, all things, are precisely as he left them: but of course, have now, at the expiration of thirty-five years, a tarnished, or I may say a shabby, appearance, which they had not when I saw them in 1779. I viewed the bedchamber very attentively; it contains a remarkable picture of the King of Prussia, which he gave to Voltaire; it is said to be a striking likeness, and it certainly gives an idea of a man of no ordinary description. Near this picture is a piece of needle-work with a profile of the Empress Catherine; it is much faded, and is but a poor performance. His own picture next attracted my notice: it is extremely animated, and exactly resembles a small print of Voltaire, which I recollect to have seen near Swansea, in a collection of French poets. The admirable lines of Juvenal are written under the print:

*"Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris aut carcere dignum,
 "Si vis esse aliquis probitas laudatur et alget."*

Near his own picture is an indifferent portrait of his mistress La Marquise du Chatelet ; and on the furniture of the bed, close to the pillow, is a head in crayons of the celebrated French Roscius. At the other end of the room are prints of D'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, and other disciples and fellow labourers with Voltaire in compiling the Encyclopedia, and endeavouring to undermine the principles of the Christian religion. There are also persons of a different description—Racine, Corneille, Newton, Franklin, Washington, and, above all, I feel pleasure in mentioning Calas. To describe Ferney would indeed be a pleasing task, if it raised no reflections in the mind but such as are suggested by Voltaire's conduct in respect to that unfortunate family : but the print and the story are so well known, that it would be superfluous to say any thing further on the subject.

Among the prints at this end of the room is an allegorical drawing of a rather extraordinary kind ; Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, personified by D'Alembert, the Empress Catherine, Prince Oronoco, and Dr. Franklin, are coming forward to adorn the tomb of Voltaire, but are driven away by the demon Superstition. The emblems are as extravagant as the idea. The following lines are on the tomb :

Dans ce triste et fatal tombeau
Repose l'ombre de Voltaire.
Pleurez Beaux Arts, vous n'avez plus de pere,
Et l'Europe a perdu son flambeau.

The last thing to be described in the bed-chamber in an odd piece of masonry, on which is placed a bust of Voltaire, and in which his heart, enclosed in a leaden box ornamented with gold, was deposited at his death, being brought to Ferney when his corpse was taken to Sessieres. The following inscription marks its place:

Son Esprit est partout, son Cœur est ici.

Above the whole are these lines:—

Mes Manes sont consolés,
Puisque mon Cœur est au milieu de vous.

I was, however, informed, by the servant who shews the house, that Voltaire's heart is no longer at Ferney, though the ornamental building which contained it still remains in his bedchamber. She said, that she saw the leaden box taken out, when the house was to be sold, and she was informed that it was then sent to Paris; and is now placed with his body in the Pantheon. I have, perhaps, entered more minutely than was necessary into the description of Voltaire's apartment, but I hope I may be able to offer some useful observations

which were suggested to my mind when I viewed it attentively. I begin with his bed; let me call it his death-bed.

I well remember when I was at Paris, in the year 1779, not long after Voltaire's death, I heard such an account of the close of his life, and the terror with which he viewed his approaching fate, as filled my youthful mind with most serious reflections. I felt at the same time the gratitude which I owed to Providence, for having blessed me with parents who had taught me better principles than those of Voltaire. I was, however, soon informed, that there was no truth in the narrative which I had heard; and it was so generally and so confidently asserted in Paris, and indeed every where else, that Voltaire died as he lived, a *philosophe calme et éclairé*, that I really believed this to have been the case. We have, nevertheless, been lately assured from the best authority, namely, the testimony of Dr. Tronchin, the physician who attended him in his last illness, that the close of Voltaire's life was attended with that apprehension of death, and all those horrors, which I had heard described in such terrific colours. The exact agreement of the two accounts left but little doubt in my mind of the truth of the fact, notwithstanding all the pains which were taken by his fellow

infidels to conceal it. Since my arrival at Geneva, I have been told by a very respectable person in this place, Mr. Trembley, that he saw soon after Voltaire's death, a letter of Dr. Tronchin's to my late excellent friend the celebrated Mr. Bonnet, in which the Doctor gave him a very minute detail of every circumstance which fell under his observation respecting the last days of this extraordinary man. The narrative was awful; his fear of death was so great; the terror with which he viewed its approach so dreadful, that more than once he seized the hand of the physician, crying in an agony of despair, "*Faites moi vivre.*" But to prolong his life was beyond the power of any physician.* The effect which the sight of Voltaire's bed, and the consideration of his last moments, now produced on my mind, was perhaps heightened by my having been employed, just before I went to Ferney, in reading to one of my amiable countrywomen an Essay on the Duties and Advantages of Sickness, which forms the conclusion of the tenth edition of the writings of the late Miss Bowdler. The author of those Essays, in which the mild and genuine spirit of christianity is found unadulterated by any

* Mr. Trembley said that this letter is still preserved among the papers of Monsieur Bonnet.

spark of enthusiasm, feeling her bodily strength gradually sinking under long continued pain and sickness, contemplated her decease as no distant object. After describing in most pathetic language the conduct of a sincere christian when oppressed with the severest sufferings, concludes with saying, " he may wait for the " hour of death, not only without terror, but " with a joyful, a triumphant hope; yet without " impatience, since we may be certain that " every additional day of suffering, if well " used, and improved to the greatest advantage, " will contribute to increase our happiness " hereafter. With the same filial submission " and entire confidence with which we have " resigned every day of our lives into the hands " of our Creator, we shall resign the last; and " all our transitory sufferings will be amply " compensated by joy unspeakable and full of " glory." I shall not presume to hazard any further reflections, or dwell any longer on a comparison between the death of Voltaire and the writer whom I have now quoted; but I cannot quit Ferney without offering some observations on the inscription in the bed-chamber, *Son Esprit est partout, son Cœur est ici*. A little ambiguity may perhaps arise in the English reader, as to the word *Esprit*. When we have spoken of the body, we often

speak of the spirit or soul of a dead person almost as synonymous words. In such a sense it would not become me to say any thing of the *Esprit de Voltaire*; but in that sense the writer of the inscription never thought of using the word; nor did he intend to confine his meaning to the talents of Voltaire, for then he would have used the word *genie*. Like the author of *l'Esprit de la Ligue, ou de la Fronde*, he meant by *Son Esprit*, the spirit and tendency of his life, of his writings, his sentiments, and those anti-christian opinions which he took such great pains to disseminate every where. *Son Esprit* may then be truly said to have been *partout*. But though universally known, and too well received on the continent in general, and in France in particular; yet let us thank God that in our island very few have adopted it. In France *Son Esprit* was almost universally embraced, and in other countries on the continent very generally so; and what was the consequence? It contributed, joined with other causes, but itself one of the foremost, to annihilate all religious and moral principles, and to render France, during several years of democratic anarchy, a scene of bloodshed and of such horrid crimes, as it will require the whole weight of historic evidence to make posterity believe. The same spirit too generally,

though not universally, received in other countries, by destroying unanimity of sentiment and integrity of principle, rendered them victims to the unrestrained violence of the French nation; and Europe for a long period became a prey to those calamities, which either in a greater or less degree, were experienced in every part of the continent. I cannot dismiss the consideration of this inscription without one more observation. If Voltaire could now read, "*Son Esprit est partout, son Cœur est ici,*" and could speak his sentiments on the subject, may I not be allowed to assert, that he would gladly resign all the applause which was bestowed on him in the theatre at Paris, all the flattery which was offered to himself during his life, and to his memory since his decease; I say, that he would gladly resign all these for the single advantage of having *son Esprit* (I repeat, that it means his sentiments and opinions) not *repandu partout*, but closely buried, or (which would have been still better) never entertained in that heart which has been so ostentatiously exhibited at Ferney. I shall close the whole subject with applying to Voltaire the words imagined by a poet to proceed from the tomb of one, as well known on the theatre of the drama, but happily not as well known on another theatre, as the poet of Ferney.

The shouts of loud applause which thousands gave,
On me nor pride, nor pleasure, now bestow;
Like the chill blast that murmurs over my grave,
They pass away,—nor reach the dust below.

One virtuous deed, to all the world unknown,
Outweighs the highest bliss which these can give,
Can cheer the soul when youth and strength are flown,
In sickness triumph, and in death survive.

The following letter, written by La Marquise de Gages to a friend, relates a circumstance connected with the death of Voltaire, which is of so peculiar a nature, that it is thought right to subjoin it to the foregoing account:

“ Madame la Marquise de Gages a la Comtesse —.

“ Vous me demandez, Madamela Comtesse, de vous écrire ce que
“ je me rappelle avoir entendu dire à la Garde qui avoit veillé
“ Voltaire dans sa maladie mortelle. Le voici. Cette femme
“ ayant été demandée pour être pres d’un de mes amis, voulut
“ sçavoir avant de lui venir s’il étoit bon chretien. Son malade
“ étant mieux, nous lui marquames avoir été surpris de la question
“ qu’elle avoit faite pour venir donner ses soins à quelq’un qui en
“ avoit besoin. A quoi elle nous repondit, que c’étoit le malheur
“ qu’elle avoit eu de se trouver pres de Voltaire qui en étoit cause,
“ lui étant resté depuis, une telle terreur de l’état ou elle l’avoit vu,
“ de ce qu’elle lui avoit entendu dire, et du desespoir ou il étoit
“ mort, que pour l’empire du monde elle ne voudroit plus servir
“ personne qu’elle ne seroit pas certaine avoir de la religion. Elle
“ ajouta à ces propos beaucoup de ceux qu’elle avoit entendu
“ tenir à Voltaire qui nous firent fremir, mais ma memoire ne
“ pouvant se les remettre exactement, je crois devoir m’en taire,
“ Mes mauvais yeux ne me permettent pas d’écrire plus longue-
“ ment.”

LETTER VIII.

Aosta, Sept. 21, 1814.

HAVING paid the tribute of friendship which induced me to take this long journey to Geneva, I felt an irresistible desire before I returned to England, to trace that astonishing march of Bonaparte's army in 1800, which led to the victory of Marengo, and placed Italy a second time under the power of France. I remembered perfectly well what it was to ascend the passage of the Great St. Bernard in 1779; I remembered the difficulty with which a mule could ascend the mountain at that period, when the idea of an army of 60,000 men, with artillery and baggage being able to effect the same, never entered into the contemplation of any man. Some few persons have, indeed, supposed that it was by this pass that Hannibal crossed the Alps; but the arguments in support of this opinion are so weak, that it would be waste of time to confute them.

Having passed along the whole of the north bank of the Lake of Geneva, a most beautiful tract of country, extending between fifty and sixty miles; having viewed at Vevay the tomb of Edmund Ludlow, one of our regicides; and having looked at Clarens, Meillierie, and Chillon, the scenes of the Eloise of Rousseau; I arrived at Martigni on the evening of the 18th. The next morning I mounted my mare, and attended by a mule and a guide, I ascended the celebrated passage of the Alps. The ascent is indeed steep, and the path, for it cannot be called a road, is in most places rugged, in some not a little dangerous. I need not say that it is steep, when I mention that the Convent of St. Bernard, according to Monsieur de Saussure, is at an elevation of 8074 feet (more than a mile and a half) above the Lake of Geneva.* Perhaps I shall convey a more distinct idea of that elevation, by saying that there is no mountain in Wales, Cumberland, or Scotland, which exceeds one half of that height; neither Snowdon, Skiddow, or Benevish, the highest spots in those countries, being more than 4387 feet above the level of the ocean. But if my path was steep and rugged, the picturesque scenery which accompanied it, made ample compensation for every difficulty. A torrent

* The Lake is 1200 above the Mediterranean.

which descends from the melting snows of the glacier of St. Bernard, was on my left hand; sometimes (but for a very short way) running like a smooth river, where there is a little flat ground; much oftener rolling with great violence among broken rocks, immense blocks of which are frequently carried to a great distance by its impetuosity: in many places it falls from cliff to cliff in broken cascades, the foam and sound of which are no small additions to the sublimity of the scene. For some way after I left Martigni, whatever spots of ground were capable of cultivation, were occupied by vineyards, but they were soon lost, and were succeeded by corn fields. When the elevation was too great for agriculture, pasture succeeded, but all these were frequently interrupted; many parts of the sides of the mountains being too steep to admit of any thing of that nature. These were for the most part covered with thick woods, chiefly of pine, intermixed with craggy rocks, which in many places project in such a manner, that a traveller is at a loss to imagine in what direction a path can possibly be traced. The whole picture is rendered truly sublime by the snowy summits of the Alps, which rise to such an elevation, as frequently to leave but narrow openings for sunshine, and the contemplation of the heavens.

In four places, where the mountains recede sufficiently to admit of it, some miserable villages are situated; at the highest of which I left my mare, and trusted myself to a mule, which is indeed the only proper conveyance for the higher parts of the passages of the Alps. No persons reside during the winter above this village, except the Monks at the Convent; but I came soon after to the summer pastures, which have a very pleasing appearance. Whatever spots of ground in these elevated regions are large enough to admit of pasturage, are occupied by the peasants during three months in the year. They go there with their cattle in June, and stay till September. They live in little *chalets* or huts; which are furnished, however, with all that is necessary for making butter and cheese, and whatever concerns their cattle and their dairy.

The grass in the fields near the villages has time to grow and increase during their absence, and about the autumnal equinox, the peasants descend with their flocks and herds, leaving their *chalets* shut up for the nine following months. Soon after I had left these pleasing little pastures, my road became more difficult of ascent; I was now above all the ordinary habitations of man, not only above agriculture, but above pasture. I looked down on these

groves of pine trees, which a few hours before I saw suspended over my head. The blue sky, the snowy summits of the Alps, and the projecting craggy precipices, whose sides were too perpendicular to afford a lodgement for the snow, were now the only objects above me.

Various little streamlets from the melting snows were falling on all sides, to form the torrent which I before described; almost all vegetation was now at an end, a few Alpine plants being the only interruption to that general scene of desolation, which wide extended beds of snow and broken rocks of granite presented to the view. Among these rocks, and on the stony surface on which they lie scattered, my mule carried me in safety. We crossed one bed of snow which covered the path for about a hundred yards, and ascending still more and more perpendicularly, we at last arrived at a spot where the opposite points of the mountains seem almost to touch each other; there is, however, a space between them, and in that space is situated the Hospice de St. Bernard. Its appearance at first sight is, indeed, very striking; the stones of the walls are scarcely distinguishable from the stones of the adjoining rocks; and when the whole of the surrounding scenery is embraced by the eye, the traveller feels it almost impossible to believe

that what he now sees is the habitation of man. —The Monastery, or as it is generally called, the Hospice de St. Bernard, is, I believe, without doubt, in the most elevated situation of any building in the Old World. It is a large parallelogram of thick masonry, but ill contrived, and not handsome; the rocks rise so very close to it, and are of such a height, that for some days before and after the winter solstice, the sun, even at noon, does not rise high enough to be visible in the principal building. Rain is a thing almost unknown; for even in July and August, if any thing falls, it is commonly snow. The thermometer has been known at the foot of the mountain on the Italian side to stand at seventy degrees at six in the morning, and the same evening at six to be at the freezing point on the outside of the convent. There are, indeed, not many nights in the year when it does not freeze, and during eight or nine months every thing around is covered with ice and snow. On the south side of the building, and a little below it, the rocks recede, and leave a small plain, in which is a lake about half a mile in circumference, which commonly is a sheet of ice, but was in its liquid state when I saw it.*

* The following observations made by M. Rauriz, a former prior of St. Bernard, may be of some use in giving a just idea of

Beyond the lake, and just before the place where the rocks again approach each other, so as scarcely to leave room for the path which leads to the south, stood the Roman Temple of Jupiter Poeninus. The spot may be traced very distinctly; many fragments of Roman bricks are scattered round it; and a small collection of antiques, some of which are of great beauty, is preserved in the Hospice. Near this temple is the separation between Italy and Switzerland, a stone pillar marking the spot; the arms of Piedmont being on one side, and those of the Valais on the other. A fine eagle soared majestically over our heads, while the Prior shewed me the ground where the temple was situated. From this place to the convent, a little terrace walk has been made, in the most sheltered situation that could be found; and four or five little spots, about the size of the rooms at Rhyddings, are walled in, and are

the cold which is felt in winter in that elevated situation. They are dated March 23, 1784:

"During six weeks Réaumur's thermometer was observed, morning and evening, between 18 and 19 degrees below congelation. This day it is 16½. I have known it in the course of other winters sink as low as 20 and 22; but that excessive cold has seldom lasted more than a day or two."

The winter of 1784 was very severe on the continent. Fahrenheit's thermometer, according to the foregoing observation of M. Rauriz, would have been during six weeks from 8 to 10 degrees below zero, Réaumur's being between 18 and 19 below congelation,

called gardens; a little lettuce and small salads were the whole of their contents, and even those appeared sickly and frost-bitten in September. Such is the situation of this extraordinary building, in which I was received with a degree of unaffected civility, hospitality, and kindness, which could not be exceeded in any of those friendly mansions which adorn the Bay of Swansea, from Mount Pleasant to Woodlands.

The Prior, to whom I was particularly recommended, received me as the friend of a friend; but no recommendation would have been required to insure a most hospitable, though not a luxurious, entertainment. This leads me to speak of the object of this foundation, which shall be the subject of a future letter. At present I will only say, that the lives of these monks are not spent in useless severities on themselves, or in ostentatious acts of devotion; but in preserving the lives of their fellow creatures, and rendering them every service in their power; in imitation of Him "who went about doing good," and who has graciously promised, that He will consider as done to himself those acts of kindness which we shew to those whom He condescends to call his brethren, when we feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and relieve the sick and the distressed.

LETTER IX.

Aosta, September 22, 1814.

THE Monks of St. Bernard are thirty-two in number, but only fourteen reside in the Convent. These are, as indeed they ought to be, the youngest and the healthiest. Their business is to render assistance to all who pass the mountain. All are received, lodged, and fed, gratis, suitably to the rank of the travellers; but those who can afford it put something, whatever they please, into a box, placed for that purpose. The monks extend their beneficence beyond the walls of the Convent; if an unexpected change of weather, or a sudden fall of snow, renders it probable that any unfortunate travellers may be in distress, these good Fathers go out with many lights, and may be seen at a distance as friendly beacons to guide the benighted wanderer. They do more; if a great *avalanche* happens, they go to the place, even at the hazard of their own lives, to see whether any travellers have

been overwhelmed and buried in the snow. In these dangerous expeditions they are accompanied by their faithful dogs, a remarkable breed from Sardinia, somewhat resembling the Newfoundland, but larger, and with the scent as perfect as the best hound. If a human body is buried in the snow, the dog is sure to make it known; and the monks who go out provided with every thing necessary, dig out the body, convey it to the Convent, and if possible, restore the suspended animation. If life is quite extinct, the corpse is laid in a little building near the Convent, where I saw a great number dried by extreme cold, and slowly changing to their parent earth. No year passes without many lives being saved by these hospitable Fathers, and scarce any without some addition to the numbers in the chapel. It is manifest, that without the assistance of the Convent, no person could pass this way in the winter, and but few would do it in the summer. At present it is the great thoroughfare from Piedmont to Switzerland and Germany.

Charity, liberality, and œconomy, are, in my opinion, generally found in the same residence; and this is particularly the case at St. Bernard; but the income of the Hospice is so moderate, that no œconomy would enable the Fathers to support the institution without other assistance.

The contributions in the box which I mentioned, do something, and I hope will do more; for I trust that my own countrymen who are now likely to go there in great numbers, will act as I think they do on every occasion which calls for generous benefactions. I need not say more.

All these resources would, however, be inadequate, if a collection were not made every year in Switzerland, and the neighbouring parts of Italy, by some of the Monks, who employ part of the summer in that necessary occupation. The utility of the institution is indeed so strongly felt, that the collectors generally return well rewarded for their labours. Another proof of the acknowledged merit of these benevolent Fathers deserves to be mentioned: St. Bernard was the only religious institution which was not suppressed during the French Revolution. These last words lead me to speak of the passage of the army of Bonaparte along that path, and by that Convent, which I have endeavoured to describe as accurately as I am able. I speak with diffidence as to the number of Bonaparte's army, for I know it is difficult to ascertain it; but it was said, at the Convent, to consist (including infantry and cavalry) of between 60 and 70,000 men, with 48 cannon. To convey these last was the great point, but

none of them were more than 12-pounders. With respect to heavy ordnance and heavy baggage, Bonaparte depended on his army for obtaining a supply in Italy, which indeed was very soon effected. Great and formidable difficulties were, however, to be overcome, in passing the mountain. No wheel-carriage ever did or could ascend it. All the peasants, horses, and mules were put in requisition; the cannon were dismounted, put in hollow trees, and dragged up the mountain by the united strength of a sufficient number of soldiers; the carriages were taken to pieces, and conveyed on mules: every beast of burden, horse, and man, was obliged to carry as much as he was able. The days were long (it was in May), the weather was fine, and the march was performed with little or no loss. Bonaparte rode on a mule, which in one place fell down with him; he afterwards sent fifty louis to the peasant who assisted on that occasion, saying that he had saved him and his mule from rolling down the precipice. This man was my guide. Bonaparte rested a short time at the Convent,* took some refreshment, and went forward to

* I did not think it necessary to enquire whether great confusion was occasioned in the Convent by the march of Bonaparte's army. I am persuaded that the question might be answered in the words of Chaos respecting a different army.

"Such a numerous host

"Pas'd not in silence through the frighted deep," &c. &c.

Aosta. Every thing was conducted with the greatest expedition, and Bonaparte appeared with his army in the plains of Lombardy, before it was well known that he had undertaken to pass the Alps. The battle of Marengo soon followed; and Italy, in consequence of that battle, fell once more into the power of France. It is, however, well known, that the honour of that victory is principally due to Dessaix. Bonaparte was himself ready to acknowledge that the battle was almost lost by the French, when that general, with a fresh body of troops, attacked the weary Austrians, gave new courage to the dispirited French, and entirely turned the fortune of the day; but the victory was purchased at the expense of the life of Dessaix; he was shot in the moment of success. Bonaparte, as may well be supposed, sincerely regretted his death, and resolved to do every thing in his power to perpetuate his memory. To render his funeral more remarkable by the singularity of the place of his interment, he ordered the body to be conveyed to St. Bernard, and to be buried in the chapel of the Convent. An elegant monument was prepared at Paris to be placed over his grave; but the greatest difficulty still remained to be overcome, I mean the carrying the monument to St. Bernard. The principal tablet weighed

a ton and a half, and on account of its size, shape, and weight, it was found quite impossible to convey it up the mountain in any way except on a wheel-carriage. A car of a peculiar construction was made for this purpose. Pioneers were sent to improve the road, to break in pieces, or blow up with gunpowder, what could not be removed; and finally to bring the path to such a state as to render it possible for the car to be drawn from Martigni to the Convent. With great labour and expense this object was obtained, and the monument was brought in safety to St. Bernard, and placed on the wall of the chapel, above the spot where the remains of the deceased general had been interred. The monument is very handsome; Dessaix is seen expiring in the arms of Victory; two or three of his attendants are near him, one of whom is holding his horse. The figures are in basso relievo, on a fine white marble; the inscription is short; it is a single line above the monument, and is as follows:

“ A Dessaix mort à la Bataille de Marengo.”

If I were to indulge criticism, some faults might be pointed out both in the design and the execution, but upon the whole it must be allowed to be a real ornament to the chapel, and an honourable tribute to the memory of the deceased general.

LETTER X.

Martigni, Sept. 24.

HAVING described so minutely the ascent from Martigni to St. Bernard, I think it unnecessary to dwell as long on the descent to Aosta on the Italian side of the mountain: were I to do otherwise, my descriptions would be full of repetitions. I shall therefore, content myself with observing, that the road is more steep, rugged, and dangerous, on the Italian, than on the Swiss side of the mountain. The picturesque scenery, and the views in general are finer on the south, than on the north, side of the Alps. The transition from the rugged precipices to the luxuriant richness of an Italian valley is indeed wonderfully striking. In the course of one day, the sublime, the picturesque, and the beautiful, are all seen in the greatest perfection. The cold air, and the never-melting snows which surrounded me in the morning, gave me the idea of being in the Frigid Zone, and in the middle of winter.

As I went down the mountain, I found myself surrounded, first with verdure and the flowers of spring; and afterwards with ripe corn, and all the productions of the Temperate Zone in the middle of summer. In the evening, the Indian corn, and the ripe fruits of Italy, seemed to indicate that I was now in the Torrid Zone, and in the autumnal quarter of the year.

The city of Aosta was built by the Romans, at the foot of St. Bernard. Its ruins are, indeed, worthy of a journey to examine them. I have no hesitation in saying, that they are more deserving of notice than any remains of antiquity in Italy on the north side of Rome. A beautiful triumphal arch, to the honour of Augustus, stands at a short distance before you arrive at the city gate: it is in good preservation, and I think it is inferior to nothing of the kind, except the celebrated arch of Trajan at Beneventum. Passing under this arch, you come to the Pretorian gate, which is by far the noblest and most perfect monument of antiquity of this kind in the world. The old city walls extend on both sides of it to a considerable distance. I believe about two-thirds of the whole still remain in a tolerably well-preserved condition. The ancient bridge continues as it was, and is indeed a very curious

structure. Some remains of the amphitheatre exist, and various fragments of buildings, which altogether give you more the idea of being in an ancient Roman city than I could possibly have imagined, if I had not visited them. The modern town is a poor, miserable place; and I was sorry to see that the old buildings are too often injured for the sake of the stones, which are employed in erecting new ones. The cathedral is handsome, and under it is a very curious specimen of a church, built in the early ages of christianity, I mean within a short time after the christian religion became the established religion of the Roman empire.

The Hospital deserves notice; it is extremely well regulated under the inspection of the Chevalier Lentz, a well-informed and truly respectable gentleman. This may indeed serve as an example of the neatness, convenience, and I might almost say the elegance, of the Italian hospitals; of which few persons who have not seen them, can form a just idea.

Yesterday I ascended from Aosta to St. Bernard, and was received by the good fathers with (if possible) still more kindness than on Monday. The morning had been very hot, and the day very fine; but in the afternoon, when I was within half a mile of the Convent, snow began to fall; and every thing was in a short time

covered with it. In the evening I had much serious conversation with Mr. Darbellay, the prior of the Convent, a very amiable and respectable man. He seemed to take great pleasure in obtaining information respecting England and its inhabitants; and I found him, in return, extremely ready to answer my enquiries with regard to St. Bernard. I was truly sorry to learn from this conversation, that the income of the Convent has of late years been so much diminished, and the calls for its assistance so greatly multiplied, that it is not without great difficulty, and with the most rigid economy, that the expenditure can be supported. Mr. Bourrit, in his *Itineraire des Glaciers*, mentions the number of travellers who are annually received at St. Bernard, as amounting to between 7 and 8000. That number is now so greatly increased, that the prior informed me from his register, that 22,444 persons were entertained at the Convent in the course of the year 1813.

I cannot help recommending most strongly to my countrymen an institution of such extensive utility, hoping that those who have it in their power to do more, will not content themselves with giving a guinea for their night's lodging. The trifle which I gave was inclosed in a paper, on which I wrote

a few lines expressive of my feelings in that sublime spot.*

O Tu, qui maria ac terras, qui sidera cœli,
 Primaque mansari posuisti mœnia mundi;
 Te Duce nunc potui glaciales ire per Alpes,
 Te Duce fumifera redû servatus ab Ætna;
 Sit mihi jamque precor tot tempestatibus acto,
 In patria tandem requies foribusque paternis,
 Sit demum semper mens sana in corpore sano,
 Nete tuis frustra productam, degere vitam.

This morning every thing near the Convent was white with snow, but it soon began to melt, and at eight o'clock my thermometer was three degrees above frost. After breakfast I took leave of the good fathers, and descended to St Pierre in three hours. Here I quitted the mule, and mounted my own mare which had waited four days for my return. With her assistance I came in five hours to this place, where I again met with sunshine, and summer. I arrived in safety a little before sun-set, having between Monday morning and Saturday evening twice crossed the Alps, employed two days in examining the monuments of antiquity at Aosta, and for the fourth time in my life gratified my eye with the beauty and richness of an Italian valley.

* If any person should be desirous of giving support to this most useful Institution, I believe it might be done with the greatest ease, and security, by paying the money to the Banking-house of Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, and Co., St. James's-street; who could transmit it to their respectable correspondent at Lausanne.

P. S. You must not be surprised at the prior's being desirous to ask questions concerning England, or the monks being very attentive to the answers. Our country has acted so distinguished a part on the theatre of Europe during the last twenty-three years, and now stands in so conspicuous a point of view, that every thing which regards it is become an object of curiosity to all the inhabitants of the continent. This is particularly the case with persons, who, like the monks at St. Bernard, have scarce ever seen or conversed with an Englishman. They are all young men, and cannot remember travellers who were there before the war, and since its commencement hardly any of our countrymen have crossed the mountain.

SIMPLON.*

NOUS voici, prêts à monter le Simplon : on ne pouvoit autrefois traverser cette montagne qu'à pied ou à mulet ; quelques années ont suffi pour la rendre praticable aux voitures, par une pente douce et un chemin plus unique qu'on n'en trouve souvent aux environs des grandes villes.

* It was my intention to have gone from Aosta to Domo d'Ossola, and to have returned to Switzerland by Simplon ; but being deprived by an accident of a companion whose society would have rendered any journey agreeable, I came back by St. Bernard ; not displeased to see that mountain, as all fine scenery deserves to be viewed, both in going and returning. Of the road across Simplon (the most extraordinary perhaps that ever was made) I here insert the best description that I could obtain in Switzerland. It is an extract from a Tour to Milan, written by a very intelligent young traveller of Geneva. I shall only premise, that in the year 1792, I crossed the mountain on a remarkably sure-footed poney, which I had brought from Naples. The passage was then extremely difficult, and in many places dangerous, and I was accused of rashness for attempting to perform on horseback, what few persons would undertake unless on foot or on a mule. The new road as I am well assured, is so wide, that three coaches may drive abreast of each other ; and the ascent and descent so gradual, that the horses may trot the whole way from Glys to Domo d'Ossola.

De Glyss à Domo d'Ossola, route que l'on fait en quatorze ou quinze heures, on compte vingt-deux ponts et sept galeries taillées dans le roc.

Le premier ouvrage remarquable est le beau pont sur la Saltine, un des plus grands de toute la route; il n'a qu'une seule arche, faite en bois, comme celle de tous les grands ponts: c'est le mélèze qu'on emploie pour ces constructions; ce bois dure beaucoup plus que le sapin: le pont sur la Saltine est le seul qui soit couvert; on l'a construit ainsi, afin de garantir de la pluie la charpente de l'arche.

Le passage du Simplon est situé entre de hautes montagnes. L'ancien chemin, tracé dans le fond de la vallée, étoit obligé de suivre les inégalités du terrain, et descendoit pour remonter ensuite: le nouveau, placé sur les montagnes de la gauche, a une inclinaison fort douce; dans plusieurs parties, elle n'est que de deux pouces par toise, jamais plus de sept; quelquefois elle garde le niveau: nous nous élevons doucement, tantôt jouissant de la vue de la vallée, tantôt cheminant à l'ombre d'épaisses forêts; d'immenses sapins déracinés s'appuient dans leur chute sur les cimes de leurs voisins, et les courbent vers la terre. La route est partout large de vingt-quatre pieds. Du côté de la montagne, sont des canaux qui recoivent l'eau qui en sort;

du côté du précipice, l'on a construit de jolies barrières de méleze, mais comme on a été obligé de soutenir la route par une chaussée en plusieurs endroits; on a élevé alors le mur au-dessus du chemin jusqu'à hauteur d'appui. Le terrain n'étant pas encore assis, des avalanches de terre et de pierres ont traversé la route dans différentes parties, et ont renversé ces petits murs; on les a remplacés par des bornes plates, taillées en lames tranchantes, afin qu'elles puissent couper l'avalanche sans être emportées par elle. On a eu soin de placer à de certains intervalles des perches hautes de dix pieds, pour désigner le chemin, lorsque les neiges empêchent de le distinguer du précipice; quelquefois ces perches elles-mêmes en sont entièrement couvertes. A la fin de l'hiver, la route est exposée à des dégradations qui occasionnent de grands frais; les terrains qui ne sont pas soutenus par des arbres, et qui sont coupés sous un angle de plus de 45 degrés, sont sujets à s'ébouler; mais ces éboulemens deviennent moins considérables toutes les années.

Pour conserver la légère inclinaison de la route, on a été obligé de lui faire suivre de longs contours; elle se fléchit selon toutes les sinuosités de la montagne, et va chercher au fond d'une vallée le pont de *Ganter*. Quelques pas avant d'arriver à ce pont, on traverse la

première galerie; c'est une des moins grandes; elle est percée dans une partie de la montagne formée de morceaux de rochers unis ensemble par de la terre glaise; cette terre, quand il a plu, devient glissante; les rochers s'en détachent, et rendent le passage dangereux. On nous montra un bloc tombé le printemps précédent, lorsque des ingénieurs étoient à peu de distance; aussi est-on déterminé à retrancher cette galerie; le pont de Ganter est situé près d'une gorge où deux torrens se réunissent, dans un lieu exposé à de fréquentes avalanches; le pont, construit avec beaucoup d'art, en est à l'abri; il a 7 mètres* de largeur; les culées sont éloignées de 19 mètres dans le bas, de 20 dans le haut; son architecture-élégante fait un joli effet près des sapins qui l'entourent.

C'est ici, que l'on a construit une route qui doit résister à la fureur des orages et à la durée du tems: elle semble se jouer des obstacles, et défier la nature: elle passe d'une montagne à une autre, s'enfonce sous les rochers, comble les précipices, se replie sur elle-même dans des détours gracieux et arrondis, et conduit le voyageur par une pente douce près des Glaciers, et au-dessus des nuages.

* The new French metre is nearly three feet three inches of our measure.

Nous nous arrêtâmes, pour faire rafraîchir nos chevaux, au chalet de Berenzaal, situé à peu de distance du pont de Ganter.

La galerie de Schalbet, que l'on traverse après celle de Ganter, est longue d'environ 100 pieds. Elle est remarquable par sa situation : d'un côté l'on aperçoit la route que l'on vient de parcourir, une petite partie de la vallée du Rhône et les Glaciers de la Suisse ; à l'autre extrémité de la galerie, on suit le chemin jusqu'au sommet du Simplon, que domine le Rosboden et la chaîne méridionale des Alpes ; au-dessous de Schalbet sont situées les deux maisons appelées Tavernettes, où les voyageurs qui suivoient l'ancienne route s'arrêtoient pour se rafraîchir.

La partie de la route située entre la galerie de Schalbet et celle des Glaciers est dangereuse ; on y est exposé à des coups de vent d'une violence extrême. La galerie des Glaciers est souvent obstruée de neige ; il n'arrive guères cependant que le passage soit entièrement fermé, et la Diligence fait la route de Milan à Genève assez régulièrement ; les voyageurs sont conduits sur la montagne dans des traîneaux ; on fait tracer le chemin par des chevaux, des ouvriers viennent ensuite l'achever ; vingt-quatre hommes sont disposés pour cela de Brigg au sommet de la montagne. Les gouvernemens François et Valaisan fournissent une somme à

des entrepreneurs qui se chargent des frais de déblaiement; mais du sommet à Domo d'Ossola, ces dépenses sont faites par le royaume d'Italie.

La galerie des Glaciers est située à peu de distance du point le plus élevé de la route où l'on doit construire l'hospice; c'est là que l'ancien chemin se réunit au nouveau; nous l'avions vu souvent au-dessous de nous: il abrège de deux lieues, et on le fait suivre aux mulets qui ne sont pas chargés.

Le chemin par lequel nous allons pénétrer en Italie, est bien différent de la route riante qui nous a fait atteindre le sommet du Simplon: une vue étendue, des demeures champêtres, de nombreux habitans venoient embellir ces travaux qui excitoient notre admiration. Aujourd'hui la sombre vallée de Gondo ne nous présentera que des plages désertes, de tristes rochers qui semblent refuser à la végétation le droit de voiler leur aridité. Mais si la nature a été avare de ces dons pour cette partie de la montagne, en revanche l'art y atteint son plus haut point de perfection; je rapporterai ici ce que l'Annuaire du bureau des longitudes dit sur cette route.

“ Si, en comparant entr' eux les divers monumens de même espèce, on a égard à la quantité de travail qu'ils ont exigé, et à l'art avec lequel ils sont conçus et exécutés,

“relativement à leur destination, on doit,
 “parmi les grandes routes qui ont jamais existé,
 “mettre au premier rang celles du Mont
 “Cenis et du Simplon.

“En partant de Glyss, du côté de France,
 “pour traverser le Simplon, on s'élève de 1304
 “mètres, jusqu'au point culminant où S. M.
 “a ordonné la construction d'un hospice, en
 “parcourant une longueur inclinée de route
 “de 22,500 mètres, la longueur horizontale
 “directe étant de 10,490 mètres.

“Depuis le point culminant, on s'abaisse de
 “1707 mètres, jusqu'au point inférieur, du
 “côté de l'Italie, à Domo d'Ossola, en par-
 “courant une longueur inclinée de route de
 “41,400 mètres, la longueur horizontale directe
 “étant de 29,580 mètres.

“Les travaux d'art en murs de soutènement,
 “en ponts et en galeries souterraines, sont plus
 “considérables sur cette route que sur celle du
 “Mont-Cenis.”

La partie la plus élevée du Simplon est une
 plaine triste et sauvage, dominée par de hautes
 montagnes d'où pendent plusieurs glaciers.

On arrive au village de Simplon deux heures
 après avoir quitté le sommet de la montagne:
 ce village est situé dans le fond d'une vallée.

A peu de distance de Simplon, le chemin,
 se replant sur lui-même, conduit à la galerie

d'Algaby, longue de 220 pieds; le torrent, que les Allemands appellent *Krumbach*, et les François *Doveria*, coule à droite.

D'immenses rochers qui s'élèvent tristement au-dessus de nos têtes, ne laissent de place qu'au chemin et au torrent qui roule avec fracas au fond de la vallée; les arbres et les cabanes ont disparu, les travaux seuls de la route apprennent que les hommes ont pénétré dans ce lieu. Près de la galerie on travaille à un édifice, destiné à abriter les voyageurs surpris par l'orage, et à servir d'habitation aux ouvriers qui déblaient le chemin; les voitures pourront se loger dans la cour. Il y aura trois édifices semblables sur la route d'Italie; les habitans de celui d'Algaby seront condamnés à vivre plusieurs mois de l'année sans voir le soleil, que de hautes montagnes leur dérobent. On est étonné de trouver dans cet endroit un bâtiment si considérable; mais son architecture triste est conforme aux sentimens que fait naître la solitude de ces lieux.

A mesure que nous avançons, nous voyons les montagnes se rapprocher: la vallée est si resserrée qu'avant les derniers travaux, un roc détaché des sommités étoit resté suspendu au-dessus du chemin, la route passe d'une des rives à l'autre; elle est entièrement taillée dans le rocher; le ciel, en harmonie avec le pays

que nous parcourons, se couvre d'un voile sombre; nous arrivons à la grande galerie, ouvrage le plus étonnant de tous ceux du Simplon.

Une énorme masse de rocher fermoit le chemin; il a fallu la percer: la route s'enfonce dans la montagne; cette superbe galerie, longue de 200 mètres, est taillée toute entière dans le granit; deux grandes ouvertures faites pour laisser pénétrer le jour suffisent à peine à l'éclairer; le bruit des pas des chevaux et des roues de la voiture retentit sous ces voûtes sonores: à l'extrémité, un pont est jeté sur un torrent dont les eaux blanches se dessinent sur l'obscur issue de la galerie.

L'art et la nature semblent avoir voulu rassembler dans un même lieu tout ce qui est propre à frapper l'imagination: à côté du rocher que l'on a percé, la Doveria, qui couloit avec fracas parmi des blocs énormes, se précipite en bouillonnant dans un gouffre dont on ne peut apercevoir le fond: pour jouir de la vue de cette chute, il faut faire quelques pas dans l'ancien chemin situé sur la rive opposée.

La grande galerie est le résultat d'un travail constant de dix-huit mois; on a attaqué les rochers non-seulement du côté du Valais et de celui d'Italie, mais encore par les deux ouvertures qui présentent chacune deux faces; six

ouvriers attachés à chacune de ces faces ouvraient le roc à coups de pique, et faisoient place à six autres, toutes les huit heures; de cette manière l'ouvrage n'étoit interrompu ni jour ni nuit.

Nous vîmes sortir de la galerie M. Dalève, chef du nouvel hospice; il alloit faire en Italie la provision de vin et de grains de l'établissement. Cet homme respectable a passé vingt-neuf ans au grand Saint Bernard; il habite l'hospice du Simplon depuis le commencement des travaux; il nous donna quelques détails sur la route.

C'étoit un spectacle curieux, de traverser la montagne quand elle étoit animée par une foule d'ouvriers; on les voyoit monter sur les rochers les plus escarpés avec une agilité surprenante, au moyen d'une échelle, qu'ils tiroient après eux quand ils étoient arrivés au sommet, et qu'ils appuyoient ensuite successivement sur les autres rochers qu'ils vouloient gravir; ils descendoient de la même manière.

La galerie que l'on trouve après Yeselle, est la plus petite de toutes, et mérite à peine ce nom: l'aspect de la route continue à être sauvage; les fréquentes chutes de la *Doveria*, et les cascades formées par les torrens qui viennent s'y rendre, étonnent le voyageur; l'on voit adossées aux rochers, ou creusées dans leur in-

térieur de petites huttes où logeoient les ouvriers ; elles servent aujourd'hui d'abri à de grands troupeaux de chèvres et à leurs conducteurs, seuls habitans de ces lieux. La beauté des ouvrages est encore plus remarquable dans cette partie de la route que partout ailleurs ; les chaussées sont ordinairement faites de murs, dont les pierres ne sont point liées par un ciment, et qui laissent filtrer l'eau de la montagne. On rencontre plusieurs ponts ; je me contenterai d'en citer un, construit tout en pierre avec une élégante simplicité, situé à l'entrée d'une vallée, au fond de laquelle est le village de Cherasqua.

A quelque distance d'Yeselle, les rochers, qui jusque-là s'élevoient à pic, s'écartent à l'Est ; et forment un amphithéâtre ; au milieu des prairies parsemées de châtaigniers qui tapissent ce vallon, l'on voit le village de Dovredo ; des vignes qui croissent devant chaque demeure s'élèvent jusque sur les toits, et font d'une maison un massif de verdure ; cet heureux coin de terre produit un effet d'autant plus agréable que bientôt les rochers se rapprochent, et que la route redevient sauvage ; la Doveria mugit de nouveau. On passe devant un pont remarquable par la convexité de sa voûte, placé près d'un autre pont détruit, dont les piliers reposoient sur d'énormes blocs au milieu de la

rivière, et dont les restes sont maintenant cachés par les arbrisseaux qui croissent alentour.

Nous étions las de cheminer dans cette sombre vallée, qui d'abord nous avoit frappé par son aspect imposant, mais dont la monotonie devenoit fatigante. Une galerie se présente encore sur notre route; tout-à-coup les rochers s'écartent et laissent apercevoir la riante plaine de Domo; le magnifique pont de Crevola, jeté d'une montagne à l'autre, ferme la vallée; il est formé de deux arches en bois soutenues par un pilier remarquable par sa beauté et sa solidité: c'est le dernier des travaux du Simplon.

Sur les bords de la rivière on voit un village qui s'abaisse aux pieds du voyageur, et qui dispaeroit presque en entier sous les vignes et les plantes grimpantes qui le couvrent. Un petit pont formé de planches vacillantes, sert encore à relever la hauteur et la régularité de celui sur lequel nous passons avec rapidité. On est étonné d'avoir un même nom à donner à une construction des plus hardies qui ouvre le passage des Alpes, et à un ouvrage fragile qui réunit les habitans d'un petit village.

La situation du pont de Crevola nous offre un contraste d'un autre genre: d'un côté nous apercevons la sombre vallée dont nous sortons, et la rivière qui coule encaissée dans de hauts rochers; de l'autre nous découvrons de vastes

prairies ombragées de beaux chênes qu'arrose la Toccia; la plaine de Domo se couvre de plantes nouvelles; les collines et les montagnes éloignées présentent sur leurs flancs des édifices d'une architecture élégante. Voilà donc enfin l'Italie, telle qu'on nous l'avoit dépeinte!*

* Those travellers who wish to see the road which is here described, should not delay visiting it. There is great reason to believe that in a few years it will not be passable. That the expense of keeping such a work in repair must be very great, will be allowed by every one; but those only who are acquainted with Alpine torrents, and the destructive force of an avalanche, can form a just idea of the sum of money which may here be required. The Canton of Valais (now the 21st of the Helvetic Body) declares itself unable to support so great an expense, and no other state is likely to contribute to it. Independent of natural causes of decay, it is not impossible that France and Italy being no longer under one Sovereign, the hand of man may be employed, not to maintain, but to prevent the easy communication across the Alps, which Bonaparte was so anxious to establish.

LETTER XI.

Besançon, October 1, 1814.

HAVING bid adieu to my much valued friends at Geneva, and having satisfied my curiosity respecting St. Bernard, my return to the Bay of Swansea became my next object. I arrived at Lausanne on the evening of the 25th; I found the principal street crowded with people, looking towards the hotel du Lion d'Or. The Princess of Wales was just arrived, and every one was eager to see her at the window. Some persons of a higher rank had that gratification the same evening at a private ball, which happened accidentally to be given by one of the ladies of Lausanne, and which the Princess honoured with her presence. The next morning her Royal Highness passed La Couronne where I lodged, in a phaeton and four, attended by two coaches and six, taking the road to Geneva.

At Lausanne, and at the Chateau de Weullerans in its neighbourhood, I enjoyed the heartfelt pleasure of seeing once more, after an interval of thirty-five years, two persons, whose friendship had not been lessened by long absence. I was also much gratified at finding others, whom I remembered as children, now grown up, and acting such parts in life, as render them the worthy representatives of the respectable parents to whose kindness I had been so much indebted when I was formerly in Switzerland. On Thursday I quitted the elegant and hospitable Chateau de Weullerans, and crossing the Jura between Orbe and Pontarlier, arrived the following evening at this place. My journey was pleasing, and the scenery picturesque; but, as I said before of another part of the Jura, I think it less so than many other mountainous tracts, and it certainly appeared tame after so lately visiting the Alps.

Marshal Ney (Prince de Moskwa) arrived here a few hours before me, and yesterday he reviewed about 10,000 troops. Of their disposition, or of the inhabitants of this town, I can say but little, for I have seen little; but I have strong reason to believe that the observations which I made at Fontainebleau might with equal truth be applied to Besançon. Here, however,

I have seen a character highly interesting; and as I think that an account of the person to whom I allude, will give pleasure to many of the active promoters of benevolence in your neighbourhood, I believe you will not blame me for entering more fully into her history.

Anne Bidget is a poor woman whose extraordinary exertions in works of charity have procured her the name of *La Sœur Marthe*. Her whole property consists of a pension of 133 francs (about six pounds) and a small house with a garden, which she cultivates for the benefit of the poor, with the assistance of an active and zealous companion named *Beatrice*. Not an inch of ground is wasted in this precious little garden, and the whole produce is devoted to charitable uses. She has in her house a large boiler, in which is made the soup with which, during many years, she has constantly supplied those who were in want of food. Of late her attention has been particularly directed to prisoners of war, *Besançon* having been one of the principal dépôts in France. She obtained permission to visit all the wretched places where the unfortunate men were confined. She took care that they were supplied with clean straw: she washed their linen, if they had any: she mended their clothes, and she constantly brought them food.

She went through every part of the town to solicit the assistance of the rich; and she applied to the butchers and gardeners, earnestly requesting such scraps of meat and vegetables as were not worth producing in the market. With such materials she contrived to make wholesome soup; and when any of the prisoners were sick, she became their nurse. During sixteen months she daily visited a Spanish officer, whose dreadful sufferings found no relief but from the kindness of this excellent woman. The removal in winter of 600 Spanish prisoners, who had been long confined at Besançon, was a real sorrow to Sœur Marthe; and when she had in vain endeavoured to prevent it, her whole attention was devoted to procuring clothes, and every comfort which might enable them to support the severity of the weather during their journey. She again applied to the inhabitants of the town; and was so successful, that shirts, coats, shoes, &c. &c. were procured in sufficient quantity to supply all those who were in absolute want of such assistance. The prisoners were inconsolable, when they heard that they were to be separated from their benefactress; and having nothing to offer as a mark of their affection and gratitude; but a little silver crucifix which was the property of one of the soldiers, they agreed to present it

to her, after engraving on it in Spanish, "To Martha our mother and benefactress." As soon as one set of prisoners were removed, others arrived, and for several years there were seldom fewer than 500 or 600 at Besançon. The greater part were Germans, some were Russians, but all were objects of this woman's benevolence. In short, with very moderate means, but with good-will, good judgment, and indefatigable activity, she has for many years past supplied the necessaries of life to many hundreds of prisoners, who were perishing with cold and hunger, a pound of bread being all that was allowed them by the French Government.

Once, and I think she said but once, there were a few Englishmen confined here; it was only for a short time, but some of the poor fellows wove a large straw hat, such as in Franche Comté is used in summer, which they ornamented with a pretty blue ribbon, and presented it to Sœur Marthe, as a testimony of their gratitude.

The appearance of this extraordinary woman is very plain and simple; her dress is a brown stuff gown with a blue apron. When asked by some of her friends, why she would not bestow a little more money on those articles, she

answered, "is it not better to put my ribbons
"and laces into my boiler?"

This excellent woman has been often employed in conveying petitions from the soldiers and other persons to the commandant; and one day he said to her, "Sister Martha, you
"will be sorry that your good friends the
"Spaniards are going!" "Yes, General; but
"my good friends the English are coming,
"for all who are unfortunate are my friends."

P. 6. Oct. 2. I have got a print of Sœur Marthe, which is a striking likeness. Her countenance speaks the goodness of her heart, and the happiness of a life devoted to the service of God, and of our fellow creatures. The last words of her speech to the General are engraved as a motto. "*Tous les malheureux sont
"mes amis.*" I hope something is going to be done for this benevolent being. She told me, when I called to take leave of her this morning, that Marshal Ney sent for her yesterday evening: He said she had been mentioned to him at the Tuilleries.

LETTER. XII.

Brie Comté Robert, Oct. 11, 1814.

LEAVING Besançon, I travelled through a tract of country which, in a space of near two hundred miles, affords as little as possible to gratify the eye, or employ the pen: an open corn country without a hedge, or I might almost say a tree; scarce a farm-house, or a cottage, except in the villages; and very few gentlemen's seats by the road side. The soil a deep clay, producing corn in sufficient quantity, but nothing else that deserves notice.

At Chaumont far different objects engaged my attention. I joined at that place the great road from Paris to Basle. There I began to see, and from thence till within a short distance from Paris, I continued to view, a melancholy picture of desolation; the common (I fear I may say) the unavoidable consequence of war.

In going from Chaumont to Bar-sur-Aube, to Brienne, to Arcis, Troyes, Nogent, Provins, Nangis, and Guignes, I passed through the heart of the country in which the war raged with the greatest fury, and in which engagements with various success were almost every day taking place, till the repulse at Arcis on the 21st of March induced Bonaparte to go to the eastward, in consequence of which the Allies formed the bold resolution of marching rapidly to Paris, and by one great effort bringing the long contest to a glorious termination. Of the joy felt by the civilized world, for its deliverance on that occasion from one of the most severe scourges with which it had ever been afflicted, no man more cordially partook than myself; nor does any man with more sincere gratitude look up in the first instance to Providence, who decreed, and in the next place, to the brave warriors who effected, that deliverance. Yet war is in itself so great an evil, that I could wish all who are desirous of engaging in it unnecessarily, (which was not the case with England in the late contest,) should view the country which I am now to describe.

In a tract extending about 120 or 130 miles from east to west, one half of the houses in the hamlets, villages, and towns, (with the exception of the city of Troyes, which almost mira-

culously escaped) are burnt to the ground; and totally destroyed; they lie in dust and ashes, only the ends of the houses and many of the stacks of chimneys now remaining. These last indeed have an extraordinary appearance, giving to the traveller, when he first sees the town at a distance, the idea of a grove of towers or spires. The remainder of the houses which have not been absolutely destroyed, appear to have suffered greatly, the recently repaired state of some, and the still unrepaired and almost ruinous state of others, sufficiently pointing out the same cause. In several instances this was unavoidable; the villages having been set on fire by the shells and shot discharged in the heat of the engagements which took place within their walls. At Barsur-Aube this was particularly the case; and the marks of many hundreds of balls are now visible on the walls of those houses which still remain standing. Brienne appeared rather worse; but the place of all others which bears the strongest marks of desolation is Arcis-sur-Aube. This little town, containing a population of between 3 and 4000 souls, was, if I may be allowed the expression, the very focus of the war. Its position rendered it an object of importance, in consequence of which it became the scene of very severe actions, and it suffered

proportionably. The greater part was totally burnt and destroyed. The church has been struck in a thousand places, and the inn where I lodged had been almost beat down; but the greatest curiosity is a villa near the town, which overlooks the river. Bonaparte passed two nights in this house, on the 20th and 21st of March, while the French were still in Arcis. Being foiled in his attack on the Allies on those days, he withdrew his troops to the other side of the Aube, and on the 22d he kept up a most destructive fire on the place. It was then that the villa he had just left, and which another Emperor soon afterwards occupied, was so much damaged. I went into every room. It was a striking object; fragments of broken mirrors, and other pieces of furniture, lay scattered. The walls were pierced in all directions. I saw four cannon-balls lying where chance directed their fall. The good man who shewed it to me, made me smile, by explaining to me all Bonaparte's views and intentions. He learnt them, indeed, from the first (not the best) authority; the mouth of Bonaparte himself! *A likely man to give a true statement to the steward of a nobleman, into whose house he knew that the Allies would enter almost as soon as he quitted it!*

From Arcis I went to Troyes, the suburbs of which were burnt, but the city was fortunate enough to escape; though more than once taken and re-taken. It contains, as Lord Burghersh's letter in the Gazette informs us, a population of 30,000 souls. It is very old and very ugly, being built almost wholly of wood. It would of course have allowed the flames to spread very rapidly, if they had once been kindled within the walls; which happily they were not, though the suburbs were burnt both on the east and west sides of the town. The approach of evening prevented my seeing the ruins of the little town of Mery, which I understand was completely consumed by fire. I saw the village of Faverolles in that state the next day.—Nogent suffered greatly, but not quite in the same manner.—Provins escaped rather better, and its venerable castle was not injured.—As I went forward to Nangis, Guignes, and this place, the appearances of destructive war became less and less manifest. When the allies first advanced towards Paris in February, they got no further than Guignes, and of course the country to the westward of that town was not exposed to the calamities which had been felt to the eastward. Many sad tales of sorrow are indeed to be heard in every part of these districts, but to repeat them

would be endless, and be useless. I must also observe, that such stories are to be listened to with great caution; many of them are false, and many by interest, prejudice, and feelings wrought to the highest pitch from calamity, are grossly exaggerated. In general, I learnt that the retreat of the Allies in February was more injurious to the inhabitants than their advance: and this I believe is almost always the case, and the reason is too obvious to require explanation. I am also satisfied, from what I heard in various places, that the French army did more harm to the country than either the Austrians or Russians. I shall just mention one other circumstance respecting the miseries of war, which is of a different nature. I observed many large tracts of land lying in an uncultivated state. I enquired into the cause of this, and was informed that all the cattle (both horses and cows) had been taken away; that all their utensils and implements of agriculture had been stolen, burnt, or destroyed; and that the farmers possessed no means of ploughing or cultivating their land.

These melancholy appearances of the effects of war continued from Chaumont to Guignes, about 30 miles from Paris. After I passed Guignes, I saw no more burnt villages, for the allies retreated in February from the vicinity

of that place, and when they marched a second time towards Paris in the following month, they proceeded by a different route. Complaints of plunder and exactions were indeed made in many places, but as far as I could judge, they did not amount to any thing extraordinary.

LETTER XIII.

Vincennes, Oct. 12, 1814.

I Said as much as was proper of the sentiments and opinions of the inhabitants of Besançon, in the letter which I wrote to you from that town.

Proceeding to the country which had been laid waste, and the towns and villages which had been half burnt, it will naturally be supposed (and indeed I found it to be the case) that every body wishes the continuance of peace. It would, indeed, be difficult to find words sufficiently strong to express the horror with which these poor sufferers spoke of the calamities of the last winter. Whatever sentiments may prevail elsewhere, I believe that in this part of France there is scarce any man who does not rejoice at seeing a pacific monarch on the throne. Having given my four-footed companion to my friend at Geneva, for whose sake I undertook this journey, and for whom I took the trouble of conveying the

mare from Glamorganshire, I had not in my return quite so good opportunities of obtaining information as I had in July. I stopped my carriage, however, as often and as long as I pleased, and I need not say (as I am speaking of Frenchmen) that I found most people very communicative. All complained that Bonaparte was too ambitious, and would never be quiet; and all are glad to be quit of the conscription, and hope to be relieved from *Les Droits Réunis*. In other respects, a vast majority speak of Bonaparte as being a great man, who had carried into effect, or was employed in effecting, a great many useful undertakings. All, however, seemed perfectly convinced that peace could never be enjoyed, while Napoleon continued Emperor of France.

In most towns, and in many villages, I looked at the churches. It is truly afflicting to observe how large a number have been destroyed in the wild frenzy of the French Revolution. Many (particularly those which belonged to convents) are little more than heaps of ruins; many are become work shops of artizans of the lowest class; and many are now undergoing a thorough repair. Over the door of the church at Brienne, I could still distinguish, in very large capital letters, much defaced indeed, but still legible, the remarkable

inscription, *Le Peuple François reconnaît l'Etre Suprême, et l'Immortalité de l'Ame*. I believe I should not exceed the bounds of truth, if I were to say that not only there is no Christian, Mahometan, or Gentoo, but scarce any savage, who would not feel indignant at the ideas, the principles, and the conduct, which at one time prevailed in France, and at or after that period occasioned inscriptions, like that which I have mentioned, to be placed, by order of one of the revolutionary governments, over the doors of the French churches. Many years have now elapsed since the circumstances to which I allude took place in France; but I am not of opinion that such things had better be buried in oblivion; I think, on the contrary, that it is highly useful to be reminded to what an extent of horror the principles of Voltaire and the French philosophists did actually lead that nation, as soon as they acquired the ascendancy which they possessed in the year 1793. It might then be truly said, that *l'Esprit de Voltaire étoit par tout, et dominoit par tout*. At that time the National Assembly declared, and ordered it to be inscribed on the cemeteries, that death was an eternal sleep. At that time a deputation of the regents and pupils of the national schools appeared at the bar of the Assembly: the former in their address ob-

served, among other things, that they took care to keep from the minds of their pupils all ideas of religion: the boys in their address made use of these words, "we hate the name of "God." The President replied, that the National Assembly was well pleased that the youth of France was so properly educated.* At this time France became a scene of bloodshed from one end of the kingdom to the other; scarce any town was exempt from the melancholy spectacle of the guillotine; and the principal cities, Paris, Lyons, Nantes, &c. were stained with the blood of their most respectable inhabitants, massacred without even the appearance of trial, or any form of justice. Having learnt by fatal experience the dreadful effects of the legal establishment of atheistical principles, the rulers of the French Republic invented a sort of intermediate degree between the disbelief and the belief of a God. It was then that, by order of government, inscriptions like that which I saw at Brienne, were placed on the churches; and to deter men from committing those crimes, which being concealed cannot be punished in this world, they declared that the soul was immortal. An annual festival was ordered to be celebrated in honour of

* These expressions are translated literally from the original official documents.

the Supreme Being, which was accordingly done. The National Assembly, headed by its president, attended with all solemnity and parade in the Champ de Mars, where hymns, &c. were sung in honour of L'Etre Supreme, carefully avoiding to mention the ever sacred name DIEU. That name, indeed, was seldom heard in France, unless when joined in execrations with terms of the grossest obscenity, such as have long been, and are now, used on every occasion among the lower orders of the community.

The cathedral at Troyes is one of the finest specimens of Gothic, or, as it is now more properly termed, English architecture; that is to be seen on the continent. It is, indeed, a just observation, that the noblest specimens of that kind of architecture are such as have either been built by the English (as was the case in this instance), or built in countries near to, or particularly connected with, England. As you recede further in Europe from our country, you find the churches that are Gothic are built in a taste far less beautiful and correct. The outside of this venerable church is indeed sadly defaced, or I should rather say is hid, by the miserable buildings which almost surround it, but the inside has escaped much better than has been the general lot of the churches in

France. The old painted glass in the windows is, I think, better preserved, and produces a finer effect than any that I ever saw either in or out of my own country. I went twice to this noble cathedral, and viewed it the second time with still more pleasure than the first. The last time that I was in it was during a sermon on Sunday morning. The congregation was very small, consisting chiefly of old people of the poorest class ;and I really did not see one person, man or woman, (except the priests who compose the chapter,) whose appearance gave me in any degree the idea of being of a superior rank.

At Arcis, the church bore strong marks of the battle in its neighbourhood. Many cannon balls had entered it, and many hundreds of musket shot had struck the north side along its whole extent.

At Nogent, workmen were busy in repairing the church. The French troops had been quartered in it; they had used as fuel every thing in it that was wood, and having made their fires in the church, the appearance of the walls may easily be imagined.

The fine Gothic chapel in the chateau at this place was by the revolutionists converted into a military dépôt, and divided into three stories, in which condition it still remains. Not far

from it, in the south-east angle of the ditch of the castle, is the spot where the Duke d'Enghien was murdered. Only six hours elapsed between the time of his being brought to Vincennes, and his being put to death. Such at least is the account which I have received from one who says that he was present when this melancholy action took place. My informer added, that the Duke met his fate with fortitude, acting to the last moment a part worthy of the great line of ancestors from whence he was descended.

LETTER XIV.

Paris, Oct. 19, 1814.

I Arrived once more in this city on the 12th, and I intend leaving it to-morrow. The three months which have passed do not seem to have made much alteration in Paris. I went to the Opera on Friday. The dancing and the music appeared to me to have the same merits and the same defects which they had when I formerly returned from Italy, but the *coup d'œil* of the Theatre was sadly changed. The house indeed was crowded, but I scarcely saw one box filled with any persons whose dress and appearance gave me the idea of people of fashion. This was not the case on the following Sunday at the Chapel of our Ambassador; for it was not only full, but it was filled with persons of such a description as seemed to indicate that the English, even of the highest rank, do not forget their duty, when they depart from their native country.

I spoke sufficiently of Paris when I visited it in July ; but it now contains two persons, very different indeed, but both of them, in my opinion, far more interesting than any who were at that time within its walls. In the year 1779, I saw the Duchess of Angouleme, a lovely infant, not a year old, surrounded with all the magnificence of the Court of Versailles, every person who had been presented to the King and Queen going to view their little offspring. Many, even at that early period, could foresee that France was ripe for very great changes ; but who, except the ALMIGHTY, could have foretold that the infant, whom we then saw in her state cradle, would, at the early age of ten years, begin, and during a period of twenty-five years continue, to endure a series of misfortunes, to which I believe it would be difficult in the page of history to find a parallel? Her father, and mother, and aunt, torn from her arms to be most barbarously murdered ; her brother perishing almost as miserably ; herself, long a captive, and still longer an exile, sharing with all those of her family who had escaped from the guillotine, the miseries of persecution, and driven from one part of the continent to another, till they found a tranquil asylum in our blessed island. I shall only add, that, as far as I can learn, her conduct has always been

irreproachable. Her countenance, person, and deportment, are extremely interesting. She has, indeed, a resemblance of her mother; but the face of Maria Antoinette is softened into an expression of gentleness and melancholy calculated to make every feeling mind desirous of affording her comfort and assistance.

The first time that I saw her was at an interesting moment; it was a solemn mass performed in the Chapel Royal, for the repose of the soul of her mother. The chapel was hung with black, and the few persons who were admitted were in mourning. The music was solemn, and the ceremony in the highest degree affecting. The King was in his balcony, with the Duke of Angouleme on his right hand, and the Duke of Berri on his left. The Duchess was below, with the lady who attended her. Real sensibility, entirely void of affectation, was expressed in every part of her behaviour. The character of this Princess was in great measure formed by that bright example of christian virtue, her late aunt Madame Elizabeth; of whose conduct through life, both in a palace and in a prison, it would be difficult to convey an idea equal to her merit. I shall bring you some letters of her writing which I have obtained here. They are undoubted originals, and speak her sentiments

and principles in such terms as require no further panegyric.*

I said that there were now two persons in Paris, far more interesting than any whom I saw in July. I have mentioned the Duchess of Angoulême as one of them. I believe it is scarcely necessary that I should name the other. You will naturally conclude that I mean a Hero, who has raised the fame of the British arms to a higher pinnacle of glory than any of our most successful warriors since the death of the Black Prince and Henry V. To see him is sufficient to make every eye possessed of discernment feel desirous of asking, Who is he? and I should entertain but a poor opinion of the understanding of the man who could converse five minutes with Wellington, without being convinced that he had been with a person whose mind had been cast by nature in one of her most extraordinary moulds. I could not but recollect, when I was speaking to him, the words which were muttered by a common soldier, when his commander passed by him for the first time after he returned from Cadiz to the army—"Bless thy eyes, I had rather see thee come back, than see ten thousand men come to help us.

* These letters are inserted in the Appendix.

P. S. I was indebted to our good friend Mr. Sejan, for my admission to the chapel. I assure you that the seeing that excellent man well and happy, and surrounded by a family of nephews and nieces, who look up to him as to a parent, and who are themselves distinguished for talents, and every thing that is amiable, has been one of the greatest pleasures that I have enjoyed in Paris.

LETTER XV.

Pontoise, Oct. 21, 1814.

I Deferred my departure from Paris one day longer than I intended, to examine, more attentively than I had hitherto done, *Le Musée des Petits Augustins*; a collection which is an object of curiosity to every traveller, but peculiarly interesting to those who have made the French history a subject of attention.

In the wild frenzy of the Revolution, the Goths of the eighteenth century, more savage than any of their predecessors, destroyed without mercy whatever they could find, which bore any relation either to the royal family, or to the most distinguished characters of their own or of former ages. The tombs of the dead were violated, as well as the mansions of the living; and the works of the greatest artists were in many instances reduced to dust, for no other reason than because they perpetuated the memory of persons, whose names, notwithstanding the destruction of their monu-

ments, will still survive in the page of history. But every thing was not lost. Some memorials of former times escaped notice; many, though mutilated, were not entirely destroyed, and some were secreted from the fury of the people. At length the time arrived when these violent proceedings were viewed with regret; and great pains were taken to collect, and exhibit to the most advantage, whatever had escaped. *La Maison des Petits Augustins* was selected for this purpose; and 567 articles, many of which are objects of real curiosity, may now be seen in that building, and in the adjoining garden. The arrangement is well imagined, both as preserving an historical series, and conveying a just idea of the state of sculpture in different ages. One apartment is appropriated to the most ancient times; one to the thirteenth, and one to each century succeeding the thirteenth. In the garden are placed such monuments as, on account of their size, could not easily be preserved in the building. The whole collection is worthy of attention; but I shall notice only one object, the tomb of Abelard and Eloisa, which is here seen in a very appropriate situation; and will be viewed with curiosity, as long as any taste for poetical composition, or any knowledge of the English language, shall be in existence.

The last things which I looked at in Paris, were the models in the *Café de Foi*. Simplon is one of them; and it really is executed in such a manner, that I almost fancy I have travelled along the new road to Italy. The surface of this model embraces more than thirty-three square feet, and the relievo is executed in such a manner that you see every bridge, every gallery, every turning both of the old road and the new, in short, every part of the mountain and the adjoining glaciers; so that in a few minutes you may form a more just idea of this astonishing work of Bonaparte, than could possibly be obtained from the longest and most accurate description.

In the same room is a model, fifteen feet by thirteen, of the Lake of Geneva, and the surrounding country. There is a third relievo of St. Gothard; and a fourth and fifth (you will smile when I mention them), the one is Voltaire's house and garden, the other his bed-chamber. I had here an opportunity of verifying the description of it which I sent you from Geneva, for even the most minute articles of furniture are represented with the greatest exactness. I know not what reception my letter on this subject may have experienced at Swansea; but I think I know pretty well what would be its fate, if it were read in the Palais

Royal. The sight of his real bedchamber, and the consideration of his death, made my reflections serious, but I own that the idea of making a model of it gave a different turn to my thoughts. I recollected, with a certain degree of satisfaction, that Voltaire was not invincible; that my admirable friend Mrs. Montagu had not only shewn, in her elegant Essay on Shakespeare, that Voltaire often criticised our incomparable poet when he really mistook his meaning; but had afterwards defeated him with his own weapons, brilliancy of wit and repartée, in that very academy in which he was not accustomed to encounter a rival. The anecdote is too well known to need being repeated; and I shall only add that all the academicians who were present, (and the academy was crowded,) were struck with the justice of the observation, and were obliged to acknowledge that an English lady had, in one sentence, completely revenged the affront which the French poet had just offered to our immortal Bard. *Les rieurs pour cette fois au moins n'étoient pas du côté de Voltaire.* Many were pleased at seeing a man who had so often and so severely turned others into ridicule, now defeated on his own ground; and in the next twenty-four hours the *impromptu* was repeated in all the literary coteries of the French metropolis.

LETTER XVI.

Dieppe, Oct. 24, 1814.

I Believe this letter will contain nothing more than a few desultory observations, but perhaps you will think it the best of my letters, as it will be the last.

Not chusing to return by the same road which I had travelled in July, I came from Paris by Pontoise and Rouen, to this place, from whence I shall embark for Brighton, as soon as the tide will permit me.

Normandy is one of the finest provinces of France, fertile, well cultivated, and populous. The views are fine and much diversified, and the whole formed a striking contrast with the part of Champagne through which I had lately travelled. Rouen is a town to which great part of what I said of Troyes might be applied, for it is old and ugly; but it is much larger than Troyes, and it stands in a beautiful situation. The Seine is here very

different from the river which runs through Paris; it is now become a fine stream, with many beautiful little islands in it, and with fine pasture in the adjoining meadows. The cathedral is a venerable pile, which, like that of Troyes, was built by our ancestors, but being of a more ancient date, it is not in so pleasing a style of architecture. There is another church, which is not so large, but I think is more beautiful. These two noble edifices have escaped the horrors of the French Revolution with less injury than most other churches. I went to the cathedral during the sermon; it was better filled than that at Troyes, but it was chiefly (I might say almost wholly) with persons of the lowest class, and the proportion of women to men was very remarkable, certainly more than ten, I should think nearly as twenty, to one. In the afternoon I looked at different parts of the town, and was surprised at finding myself involved in a crowd of horses and men, in short, in the middle of a great annual horse fair; of which I certainly cannot say as I did respecting the cathedral, that there was any want of attendance on the part of the male population. Here, as at Paris, and I believe in all the towns in France, the greater part of the shops are open, and a great deal of business is carried on, during the Sundays. Some regu-

lations in this respect have indeed been attempted to be enforced, since the restoration of the King; but so great a ferment was excited in Paris, that the government has been obliged to proceed with great caution. My impatience to see once more my dear native country prevented me from giving sufficient time to this part of my journey, to allow me to hazard any opinion with respect to the public mind in Normandy. I hope it is better than in some other provinces; and I hope that the general agitation may gradually subside, and this infatuated nation become sensible, that the greatest blessing that can befall them will be to live under a lawful, a pacific, and a well-regulated government.

Adieu, till we meet.

P. S. East-Bourn, Oct. 25, 1814. After a stormy but quick passage, unable to make Brighton, but safely landed at this place.

If a man feeble in his limbs, not possessed of firm health, *et jam senescens*, performs a journey of above 1600 miles, twice crossing the sea, and twice the Alps, and, after four months, returns to his native country without having met with any accident, or having experienced the smallest misfortune, he certainly ought to feel grateful to the ALMIGHTY for the protection which has been vouchsafed him. I

trust that my breast is not insensible to such feelings; but I can with great truth assert, that the foregoing consideration, important as it is, does not hold the first place in my mind at the present moment.

Returning from France to England, and once more setting my foot in my native country, I feel a debt of gratitude to Him who ordained my existence in this island, which rises still higher than preservation from accident or sickness. I compare my situation as an Englishman with that of the inhabitants of other countries of the globe in general, and of France in particular. If I had been born in that land which I yesterday quitted, I might have received such an education as would have rendered me insensible to the truths of christianity, and to the duties which its doctrines inculcate. Not enjoying the advantages which we derive from our well-constituted government, I might, like the greater part of the neighbouring nation, have fluctuated in opinion from despotism to anarchy. I might then have been taught, as the youth of the French Republic were taught, that death was an eternal sleep; and deriving from that doctrine the natural conclusion, that if I could conceal my crimes from a worldly magistrate, I should never be called to account by an All-seeing

Judge, I might have been tempted to partake in that vicious system which has been, I will not say universal, but more general in France, than can possibly be conceived by those who have not visited that unhappy country. I contemplate with pleasure the reverse of the picture. I was born in a country, in whose churches the doctrines of christianity are taught, as I verily believe, in a manner more conformable to the Gospel than in any other land. Without enthusiasm or superstition, equally removed from the Papacy of Rome, and the Calvinism of Geneva, the mild spirit of christianity, as it is taught by our *Established Church*, is calculated not only to render us better, but to render us happier even in this world, and certainly to give us the hope of eternal happiness hereafter. I sum up the whole with saying, that, in my opinion, the great advantage to be derived by Englishmen from a view of foreign countries in general, and of France in particular, is to increase their attachment to their native land; to make them duly sensible of what they owe to Him who placed their existence in this happy island; and of course sensible of the degree to which it is incumbent on them to act a part worthy of the station which his merciful Providence has assigned them.

APPENDIX;
CONTAINING
SEVEN ORIGINAL LETTERS
OF THE LATE
MADAME ELIZABETH DE FRANCE;
AND
A PRAYER,
COMPOSED BY THAT PRINCESS
DURING HER IMPRISONMENT IN THE TEMPLE:
With a Short Introduction.

VATTENE IN PACE ALMA BEATA ET BELLA!
VATTENE IN PACE A LA SUPERNA SEDE,
E LASCIA AL MONDO ESEMPIO DI TUA FEDE!

APPENDIX.

Introduction to the Letters.

ELIZABETH, the youngest sister of Louis XVI. was remarkable, during her whole life, for the exercise of every amiable quality, and every christian virtue. To court intrigue she was a stranger. In the Royal Family she was always desirous to conciliate, and do good. The greater part of her time was spent at the villa of Montreuil, which the King had given her. At this place her society was very select, and her friends well chosen. Her establishment was conducted in the most unexceptionable manner; and her benevolence and charity were so extensive, that she often denied herself many innocent gratifications which persons of her rank usually enjoy. Her income was not large, but she employed it in such a manner as to render it a blessing to the surrounding poor. It was at this early period of life that she formed a friendship with Madame de Caussan and her daughters, the persons to whom

the greater part of the following letters are addressed. Of the delicacy of that attachment, and of the mind of Elizabeth, the first of these letters will give an idea:* but her friendship was not confined to words. She anticipated for five years a pension which she had from the King, to give it as a marriage portion to the daughter of her friend, who, after this act of kindness, was married to M. de Raigecour.

I remember to have seen Madame Elizabeth, at Versailles, in 1788. Her countenance was pleasing, and expressive of benevolence. The following year, when the Revolution was advancing, and the situation of the King and Queen became critical, she seldom left Versailles. She accompanied them when the populace took them by force to Paris, and she never quitted them during their residence in the Tuileries. When the daily increasing dangers which threatened every branch of the Royal Family, induced the King's aunts to leave France, Elizabeth was strongly persuaded to accompany them; she might at that time have done it, and have secured her personal safety; but she resolved never to abandon her brother in his distress. She conceived this to be her duty; and what she thought it was her duty to do, nothing could induce her to give up.

* Vide page 142.

This is elegantly expressed in a letter addressed to the Abbé who accompanied her aunts in their journey to Rome.* Of her sentiments and her feelings during the year 1791, the four letters written in that year to her friend Madame Raigecour will give a just idea. Those letters require no comment.

I shall only add a few circumstances, not new indeed, but of such a nature as ought never to be forgotten; because they point out the severity of the trials to which this excellent Princess was exposed during the latter part of her life, and the unshaken fortitude and resignation with which they were sustained.

On the 20th of June 1792, when the populace forced their way into the palace of the Tuileries, and sought for the Queen with an intention to murder her, Madame Elizabeth was mistaken for her by some who began to insult her. One of her attendants was on the point of undeceiving them, but the Princess prevented him by saying, *Ne les détrompez pas*. She knew that the Queen was at that moment endeavouring to escape, and would immediately be pursued, if the mob were informed of their error; and she chose to encounter every personal danger, in order to preserve the life of Marie Antoinette. The consequence was that

* See page 144.

the Queen had time to escape ; and the mob, after loading Elizabeth with insults, were proceeding to acts of violence, but the mistake was discovered before they came to extremities, and they quitted the Princess, and went in search of the Queen, when she was no longer within their reach. Of another severe trial a short time afterwards, a full account is given in one of her own letters dated July 3, 1792. It is much to be regretted that we have nothing of her writing subsequent to the 10th August. From that time the Royal Family, consisting of the King and Queen, his sister and his two children, were confined in the Temple, and possessed no means of corresponding with any person whatever. That their sufferings were great will easily be imagined, but the degree to which they were carried, is I believe but faintly conceived by any one, except the sole survivor of the five prisoners. Clery, indeed, gave an account of what particularly concerned the King. I shall mention only a few anecdotes respecting Elizabeth, from which some judgment may be formed of the inventive spirit of cruelty which was exercised in the Temple, to increase the sufferings, both of mind and body, of this unoffending woman. She† requested to have maigre diet on maigre days. She was

† The attendance of her own Physician was refused.

answered that equality was established amongst days as in every thing else. In consequence of this refusal she contented herself on those days with bread and coffee. The water of the river Seine possesses a quality which renders it unwholesome to many persons, particularly to those who are not accustomed to drink it. Elizabeth found her health affected by it, and requested to be indulged with water of a different kind; this was positively refused. Let not these things be called trifles. When it was possible that such things could be done, there is no want of charity in giving credit to the many other instances of wanton cruelty, which seemed to have no object but to add pain to imprisonment, and insult to degradation. It may perhaps be said, and possibly with truth, that with respect to Elizabeth, the Jacobins, though not yet worked up to the point of a public execution, were nevertheless desirous of her death. And why were they so? Because they did not wish that a person should remain alive, who could tell what no one but herself could completely unfold,—the faithful history of the sufferings of the Royal Family. Whatever truth there may be in this idea, certain it is that no hardships or privations, no sufferings at the present moment, nor apprehensions for the future,

could overcome the pious resignation and fortitude of this amiable Princess.

After the King's death she was the sole comfort of the Queen. Their sentiments and habits of life had indeed been very different, but Elizabeth now thought of nothing but supporting her in her affliction. She was the nurse of the children when they were ill; and she assisted in making their beds, and performing menial offices, when they were deprived of all other attendants. The young Prince was removed on the 3d of July 1793, and placed in the hands of Simon, under whose torturing management he afterwards expired. The Queen was taken to the Conciergerie, on the second day of the following month. The sufferings of the two prisoners now remaining in the Temple went on continually increasing, but the soul of Elizabeth was superior to all trials. To one, indeed, more distressing perhaps than all others, she and her niece were separately exposed on the 8th of October 1793. Those persons who recollect the horrible accusation which was brought by Hebert against the Queen respecting her son, may conjecture what the interrogatories were, which were put to his sister and his aunt on this occasion; and they will not be surprised at my saying no more on the subject.

Elizabeth and her niece remained together till the following spring. During this period the chief, I believe I might say the sole, occupation of this angelic woman was to comfort and support the young Princess, to strengthen her mind, and to direct her thoughts to the only source of real and permanent consolation. Of her own frame and temper of mind in this melancholy situation, the prayer which she then composed, and which follows her letters, will be the best indication.* At length the 9th of May, 1794, arrived. Elizabeth was just gone to bed, when she heard the prison doors unbarred. She hastily threw on her clothes, and some municipal officers entered the room. One of them called to her with a brutal voice, "Citizen, come down directly; they want you!" "Is my niece to remain here?" (The Princess was always her first object.) "That is no business of yours, they will think of her." Elizabeth embraced the unfortunate Therése, and to lessen her terror, said to her, "Be composed; I shall come back again." The man replied, with a sarcastic sneer, "No, you will not come back any more: take your nightcap." She obeyed, raised the young Princess who had sunk in her arms, entreated her to submit to the will of God, and then departed, never to

* Vide page 159.

see her again. At the foot of the staircase her pockets were searched, in which nothing was found. During that time she was obliged to submit to some insults; and when the search was finished, she was taken away in a hackney coach with the officer of the revolutionary tribunal. The following day was marked by her condemnation and execution. I say her condemnation, for in fact there was no trial. She had committed no offence, and there was nothing of which they could accuse her. She was asked who she was, she replied that she was the King's aunt. This answer was *crime de lèse nation*, for the name of king was no longer to be mentioned in France, and Elizabeth was immediately sentenced to the guillotine. She was taken to the place of execution in a cart with several persons of different sex, age, and condition. During the melancholy procession, the Princess endeavoured to comfort and support her fellow sufferers, both by her precepts and example. Being arrived at the scaffold on which the guillotine was placed, she found other persons assembled who were to undergo the same punishment. The number altogether amounted to twenty-five. It might now have been supposed, that even French cruelty would have suggested no further addition to the pains of death, but this was not

the case. A circumstance occurred, to which I do not recollect to have heard or read of any parallel. I have said that twenty-five prisoners, including the Princess, were to be executed. The populace exclaimed, "Let the female Bourbon (*La femme Bourbon*) be the last." This was accordingly ordered. Elizabeth was compelled to stand near the guillotine, and to see twenty-four persons beheaded; but the prolonging her trials, was giving additional triumph to her virtue. Neither the savage cries of the Parisians, of whom many thousands were crowded in the Place de Louis XV. nor the sight of the guillotine streaming with the blood of her fellow sufferers, and shortly to be stained with her own, could in any degree overcome the pious resignation of the Princess, or inspire her christian spirit with any portion of those terrors which agitated the death-bed of Voltaire. She remained calm and unmoved in her place, till the last of the twenty-four prisoners was beheaded. She then stepped forward, and meekly submitting to be bound, was placed on the guillotine, with still unshaken reliance on her Saviour, who was himself *made perfect through sufferings, and left us an example that we should follow his steps.**

* The letter dated January 7, 1791, vide page 145, will perhaps be read with greater interest, after the account of this tragical event.

*Lettres Originales de Madame Elizabeth
de France.*

LETTRE I.*

A MADAME MARIE DE CAUSAN.

8 Décembre, 1785.

JE suis émue et affligée au dernier point, mon cœur, de l'état de votre mère: l'arrêt de S*** me fait frémir. J'écrirai à M^{me} de La**** pour que l'on trouve des prétextes pour faire rester votre sœur à Fontainebleau. Ils seront d'autant plus aisés, que, quoiqu'elle soit bien, de long-temps elle ne sera en état d'être transportée. Si vous ne craignez pas d'attendrir votre mère, dites lui combien je partage ses douleurs, que je voudrois les prendre toutes,

* The following letters, with many others written by the same hand, have been lately printed at Paris, by M. Ferratid, in a work entitled *Eloge Historique de Madame Elizabeth de France*. The publication contains a great deal of interesting information respecting this Princess; and as it is considered as a work of unquestionable authority, several of the preceding anecdotes have been taken from it.

que je suis bien affligée de ne pouvoir lui rendre les soins que la tendre amitié que j'ai pour elle me dicteroit. Il m'en coûte bien depuis trois semaines d'être princesse : c'est souvent une terrible charge ; mais jamais elle ne m'est plus désagréable que lorsqu'elle empêche le cœur d'agir.

Vous avez sous vos yeux, mon cœur, le triomphe de la religion. Je ne doute pas que vous ne prouviez dans l'occasion, qu'elle seule peut nous faire supporter le malheur, et, s'il est possible, le rendre léger. Je vois que vous aurez la grâce d'une résignation parfaite à la volonté de Dieu. Il ne faut qu'un véritable désir pour l'obtenir ; et vous sentez trop combien elle vous est nécessaire pour ne pas la désirer vivement. Espérez tout de ce père qui vous aime si tendrement ; il vous soutiendra, partagera votre peine, et la rendra moins pesante. Pardon, mon cœur, de ce petit mot de sermon : quoiqu'il soit médiocre, dans la position où vous êtes, on est toujours bien aise d'entendre un peu parler de Dieu ; c'est ce qui m'a encouragée à cette insolence.

Madame de Choix . . . n'aura votre lettre que demain, parceque ces voitures sont d'une inexactitude insupportable, et qu'elle n'est arrivé que très tard ; le courrier étoit parti. Adieu, mon cœur ; j'espère que vous avez un peu

d'amitié pour moi : cela me fait bien plaisir, vous aimant beaucoup. Je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur.

LETTRE II.

A. M. L'ABBÉ ****.

15 Mai, 1792.

IL y a bien long-temps que je ne vous ai écrit, Monsieur; ce n'est pas faute d'en avoir envie : mais je mène une vie si coupée, qu'il ne m'est pas possible d'écrire comme je le voudrois. Je ne puis vous dire assez combien j'ai été touchée de votre lettre. Le desir que vous me témoignez de me voir réunie à celles qui ont tant de bontés pour moi, m'a fait un grand plaisir ; mais il est des positions où l'on ne peut pas disposer de soi, et c'est-là la mienne : la ligne que je dois suivre m'est tracée si clairement par la Providence, qu'il faut bien que j'y reste ; tout ce que je desire, c'est que vous vouliez bien prier pour moi, pour obtenir de la bonté de Dieu que je sois ce qu'il desire. S'il me réserve encore dans ma vie des moments de calme, ah ! je sens que j'en jouirai bien. Au lieu de me soumettre aux épreuves qu'il m'envoie,

j'envie ceux qui, calmes intérieurement et tranquilles à l'extérieur, peuvent à tous les instans ramener leurs ames vers Dieu, lui parler, et sur-tout l'écouter: pour moi, qui suis destinée à toute autre chose, cet état me paroît un vrai paradis.

Je vois avec peine approcher les chaleurs; c'est un mauvais temps pour vous: je desire beaucoup qu'elles soient moins fortes que l'année passée. Adieu, Monsieur: croyez que vos lettres me font un vrai plaisir, et que je serai charmée le jour où je pourrai vous revoir. En attendant, priez Dieu pour nous.

LETTRE III.

A MADAME DE RAIGECOUR.

7 Janvier, 1791.

DES gens plus diligens que moi vous auront sûrement mandé ce qui s'est passé à l'assemblée Mardi; enfin, mon cœur, la religion s'est rendue maîtresse de la peur. Dieu a parlé au cœur des évêques et des curés. Ils ont senti tout ce que leur caractère leur inspiroit de devoirs, et ils ont

déclaré qu'ils ne prêteront pas le serment. Pour le moins vingt du côté gauche se sont rétractés; on n'a pas voulu les écouter: mais Dieu les voyoit, et leur aura pardonné une erreur causée par toutes les voies de séduction, dont il est possible de se servir. Un curé du côté gauche a mis beaucoup de fermeté pour ne le pas prêter. On dit que cette journée déçoit bien des gens: tant pis pour eux; ils n'ont que ce qu'ils méritent: mais ce qu'il y a de triste, c'est qu'ils s'en vengeront. Dieu seul sait comment. Qu'il ne nous abandonne pas tout-à-fait; voilà à quoi nous devons borner nos vœux. Je n'ai point de goût pour le martyre; mais je sens que je serois très aise d'avoir la certitude de le souffrir, plutôt que d'abandonner le moindre article de ma foi. J'espère que, si j'y suis destinée, Dieu m'en donnera la force. Il est si bon! c'est un Père si occupé du véritable bonheur de ses enfans, que nous devons avoir toute confiance en lui. Remercions-le donc bien: soyons fidèles à notre foi; ranimons-la; ne perdons jamais de vue ce que nous lui devons; et, sur tout le reste, abandonnons-nous avec une confiance vraiment filiale.

J'ai eu ces jours-ci une peine bien réelle que tu partageras sans doute. Cette pauvre M^{me} de Cimery, qui, comme tu sais, avoit mal au sein depuis cinq semaines, étoit presque alitée.

Dans la nuit du Dimanche au Lundi, son amie, après avoir reçu le matin les sacrements, a été prendre sa place dans le ciel; car j'espère bien qu'elle est heureuse, et qu'elle a reçu la récompense d'une vie entière de vertu et de malheur. Je la regrette vivement: elle étoit d'une grande ressource pour moi; et jamais je ne la pourrai remplacer, non pas pour les qualités que je puis désirer dans une première femme, mais dans celles qui convenoient à mon cœur, à mon esprit, et à mes sentimens. Je la regrette comme mon amie; mais je la crois heureuse, et cette idée me console.

LETTRE IV.

A LA MEME.

28 Mars, 1791.

JE ne viens que d'être avertie du départ de M. P . . . ainsi tu n'auras qu'un mot de moi. Je te dirai que j'ai la mort dans l'ame de penser que peut-être, d'ici à quinze jours, la religion sera bannie de France. Voilà l'usurpateur de Paris installé d'hier: nous voilà livrés à la persécution; et lorsqu'on regarde autour de soi,

qu'y voit on? Rien de consolant; toujours des regrets, toujours de bons mouvemens: mais violà tout. Enfin Dieu est tout puissant; Dieu peut d'un moment à l'autre changer nos larmes en cris d'alégresse. Ah! s'il vouloit faire un miracle en notre faveur, et rétablir la religion! Mais le méritons-nous? Nous nous désolons, mais nous n'avons pas recours à Dieu, comme un enfant se jette dans les bras de son père. Nous cherchons encore de la consolation dans nos semblables: hélas! l'expérience deyroit bien nous faire voir qu'il n'y en a point à espérer. Cependant, mon cœur, ne nous laissons point abattre; servons Dieu avec plus de ferveur que jamais; prouvons lui qu'il est des cœurs qui ne sont point ingrats: qui plus que nous doit l'aimer et le montrer hautement?

L'affaire de la religion à part, nous sommes toujours dans la même position. On va, je crois, décréter que le Roi ne sera inviolable que tant qu'il sera dans le royaume, et qu'il résidera dans l'endroit où sera l'assemblée; elle a été indigne l'autre jour sur cela.

Je suis toujours fort contente de ma nouvelle connoissance; elle veut connoître à fond ce que l'on pense, et ce n'est point une connoissance sèche; elle aide beaucoup à se corriger : . . . Je t'avoue que je ne suis pas fâchée d'avoir été forcée de changer. Dieu en cela,

comme en tout, m'a prévenue de grâces : mais quel compte n'aurai je pas à rendre ?

Adieu, ma petite : je t'embrasse, je t'aime, je te souhaite une heureuse couche; je te demande en grâce de te bien ménager, de ne rien exagérer pour ton enfant : c'est un dépôt et une consolation que le ciel t'envoie. Fais moi donner exactement de tes nouvelles. Je t'embrasse encore de tout mon cœur.

LETTRE V.

A LA MEME.

23 Juillet, 1791.

SI je n'avois pas eu de tes nouvelles par Bombelles, je serois inquiète de toi : il y a longtemps que je n'ai eu de tes lettres. As-tu reçu la dernière que je t'ai écrite ? Elle n'est pas fraîche; car je n'ai pas eu le temps depuis de te dire un petit mot. J'ai à présent, hors du royaume, tant de gens qui m'intéressent, que cela fait horreur à penser, et m'emporte beaucoup de temps.

Je suis encore un peu étourdie de la secousse violente que nous avons éprouvée; il faudroit pouvoir passer quelques jours bien tranquille, éloigné du mouvement de Paris, pour remettre ses sens; mais Dieu ne le permettant pas,

j'espère qu'il y suppléera. Ah! mon cœur, heureux l'homme qui, tenant toujours son ame entre ses mains, ne voit que Dieu et l'éternité, et n'a d'autre but que de faire servir les maux de ce monde à la gloire de Dieu, et d'en tirer parti pour jouir en paix de la récompense éternelle! Que je suis loin de cela! Cependant n'allez pas croire que mon ame se livre à une douleur violente. Non; j'ai même conservé de la gaieté. Hier encore, j'ai beaucoup ri en me rappelant des anecdotes ridicules de notre voyage;† mais je suis encore dans l'effervescence. Vous, qui êtes bien aussi vive que moi, vous devez sentir ma position. Cependant j'espère que je ne serai pas encore long-temps comme cela. Demande-le à Dieu pour moi, je t'en conjure. Adieu; je te quitte, car j'ai encore bien des lettres à écrire pour me mettre au courant.

LETTRE VI.

A LA MEME.

28 Septembre, 1719.

JE te remercie, ma chère R..., de ce que tu m'as envoyé. Cela fait toujours un peu de plaisir; mais je t'avoue que je suis dans mes momens d'incrédulité.

† The unfortunate journey to Varennes.

Je reçois en même temps une lettre de toi, où tu me mandes que tu me plains: tu as bien raison. Quant à ceux qui me blâment, je trouve qu'ils ont tort. Tu diras que j'ai bien de l'orgueil; mais, en vérité, c'est que ce n'étoit pas le cas de faire autrement que je n'ai fait, et qu'il y auroit eu des inconvéniens réels, peut-être même pour ceux qui me blâment, à être autrement. La plus grande preuve que je puisse t'en donner, c'est que je me suis déjà trimballée à deux spectacles, et que je le ferai encore à un troisième. Ce n'est, certes, ni mon goût ni mes principes qui m'y amènent. ce n'est donc que mon devoir. Mais il est des choses sur lesquelles rien ne pourra jamais me faire ployer; et c'est la seule distinction que je puisse et veuille me permettre dans ce moment: mais, sur cela, Dieu me fera, j'espère, la grâce de lui être d'une fidélité à toute épreuve. Au reste, il me traite encore en enfant gâté; car je n'ai rien qui me force à marquer sur cela. M. G . . . même m'épargne la peine de ne pas le voir; car, Dieu merci, il ne se présente pas.

Je t'avoue que j'ai été quelques jours un peu triste; mais je me suis remontée, et maintenant je suis dans mon assiette ordinaire. J'ai monté à cheval ce matin pour la première fois; il faisoit une poussière horrible. J'étois derrière

ma sœur : on n'y voyoit vraiment presque pas.
Adieu ; je t'embrasse de tout mon cœur.

LETTRE VII.

A LA MEME.

3 Juillet, 1792.

DEPUIS trois jours on comptoit sur un grand mouvement dans Paris ; mais on croyoit avoir pris les précautions nécessaires pour parer à tous les dangers. Mercredi matin, la cour et le jardin étoient pleins de troupes. A midi, on apprend que le faubourg Saint-Antoine étoit en marche ; il portoit une pétition à l'assemblée, et n'annonçoit pas le projet de traverser les Tuileries. Quinze cents hommes défilèrent dans l'assemblée ; peu de gardes nationaux, quelques invalides, le reste étoit des sans-culottes et des femmes. Trois officiers municipaux vinrent demander, au Roi de permettre que la troupe défilât dans le jardin, disant que l'assemblée étoit gênée par l'affluence, et les passages si encombrés, que les portes pourroient être forcées. Le Roi leur dit de s'entendre avec le commandant pour les faire défiler le long de la terrasse des Feuillans, et sortir par la porte du Manège. Peu de temps

après, les autres portes du jardin furent ouvertes malgré les ordres donnés. Bientôt le jardin fut rempli. Les piques commencèrent à défiler en ordre sous la terrasse de devant le château, où il y avoit trois rangs de gardes nationaux; ils sortoient par la porte du Pont Royal, et avoient l'air de passer sur le Carrousel, pour regagner le faubourg Saint-Antoine. A trois heures, ils firent mine de vouloir enfoncer la porte de la grande cour. Deux officiers municipaux l'ouvrirent. La garde nationale, qui n'avoit pas pu parvenir à obtenir des ordres depuis le matin, eut la douleur de les voir traverser la cour sans pouvoir leur barrer le chemin. Le département avoit donné ordre de repousser la force par la force; mais la municipalité n'en a pas tenu compte. Nous étions, dans ce moment, à la fenêtre du Roi. Le peu de personnes qui étoient chez son valet de chambre, vinrent nous rejoindre. On ferme les portes; un moment après nous entendons cogner : c'étoient Acloque et quelques grenadiers et volontaires qu'il amenoit; il demande au Roi de se montrer seul. Le Roi passa dans sa première antichambre; là M. d'Hervilly vint le joindre avec encore trois ou quatre grenadiers qu'il avoit engagés à venir avec lui. Au moment où le Roi passoit dans son antichambre, des gens attachés à la Reine la firent rentrer de force

chez son fils. Plus heureuse qu'elle * je ne trouvai personne qui m'arrachât d'auprès du Roi. A peine la Reine étoit-elle partie, que la porte fut enfoncée par les piques. Le Roi, dans cet instant, monta sur des coffres qui sont dans les fenêtres; le Maréchal de Mailly, MM. d'Her-
villy, Acloque et une douzaine de grenadiers l'entourèrent. Je restai auprès du panneau, environnée des ministres, de M. de M... et de quelques gardes nationaux. Les piques entrèrent dans la chambre comme la foudre; ils cherchoient le Roi, et surtout un qui tenoit les plus mauvais propos. Un grenadier rangea son arme, en disant, *Malheureux! c'est ton Roi.* Le reste des piques répondit machinalement à ce cri; la chambre fut pleine en moins de temps que je n'en parle, tous demandant la sanction et le renvoi des ministres. Pendant quatre heures, le même cri fut répété. Des membres de l'assemblée vinrent peu de temps après. MM. Vergniaux et Isnard parlèrent bien au peuple, pour lui dire qu'il avoit tort de demander ainsi au Roi sa sanction, et l'engagèrent à se retirer; mais ce fut comme s'ils ne parloient pas. Ils étoient bien long-temps avant que de pouvoir se faire entendre; et à peine avoient-ils prononcé un mot, que les cris recommençoient. Enfin Pétion et des membres

* Mot charmant!

de la municipalité arrivèrent: le premier harangua le peuple, et, après avoir loué la *dignité et l'ordre* avec lequel il avoit marché, il l'engagea à se retirer dans *le même calme*, afin que l'on ne pût lui reprocher de s'être livré à aucun excès dans une fête civique. Enfin le peuple commença à défiler. J'oubliois de vous dire que, peu de temps après que le peuple fut entré, des grenadiers s'étoient fait jour, et l'avoient éloigné du Roi. Pour moi, j'étois montée sur la fenêtre du côté de la chambre du Roi. Un grand nombre de gens attachés au Roi s'étoient présentés chez lui le matin; il leur fit donner ordre de se retirer, craignant la journée du *dix-huit Avril*.† Je voudrois m'étendre la-dessus; mais, ne le pouvant, je me promets simplement d'y revenir. Mais revenons à la Reine; que j'ai laissé entraîner malgré elle chez mon neveu; on avoit emporté si vite ce dernier dans le fond de l'appartement, qu'elle ne le vit plus en entrant chez lui. Vous pouvez imaginer l'état de désespoir où elle fut. M. Hue, huissier, et M. de V . . . , officier, étoient avec lui; enfin on le lui ramena. Elle fit tout au monde pour rentrer chez le Roi; mais MM. de Ch . . . et d'H . . . , ainsi que nos dames qui étoient là, l'en empêchèrent. Un moment après, on en-

† Jusqu'au dernier moment, ce malheureux prince a toujours éloigné ceux qui pouvoient le servir et le défendre.

tendit enfoncer les portes: il y en avoit que le peuple ne put trouver; et trompé par un des gens de mon neveu, qui lui dit que la Reine étoit à l'assemblée, il se dispersa dans l'appartement. Pendant ce temps-là, les grenadiers entrèrent dans la chambre du conseil: on la mit, et les enfans, derrière la table du conseil; les grenadiers et d'autres personnes bien attachées l'entourèrent, et le peuple défila devant elle. Une femme lui mit un bonnet rouge sur la tête, ainsi qu'à mon neveu. Le Roi l'avoit eu presque du premier moment. Santerre, qui conduisoit le défilé, vint la haranguer, et lui dit qu'on la trompoit en lui disant que le peuple ne l'aimoit pas; qu'elle étoit aimée: il l'assura qu'elle n'avoit rien à craindre. *On ne craint jamais rien*, répondit-elle, *lorsque l'on est avec de braves gens*. En même temps, elle tendit la main aux grenadiers qui étoient auprès d'elle, qui se jetèrent tous dessus. Cela fut fort touchant.

Les députés qui étoient venus, étoient venus de bonne volonté. Une vraie députation arriva, et engagea le Roi à rentrer chez lui. Comme on me le dit, et que je ne voulois pas me trouver rester dans la foule, je sortis environ une heure avant-lui; je rejoignis la Reine, et vous jugez avec quel plaisir je l'embrassai: j'avois pourtant ignoré les risques qu'elle avoit courus. Le Roi

rentré dans sa chambre, rien ne fut plus touchant que le moment où la Reine et ses enfans se jetèrent à son cou. Des députés qui étoient là, fondoient en larmes : les députations se relevèrent de demi-heure en demi-heure, jusqu'à ce que le calme fût rétabli totalement. On leur montra les violences qui avoient été commises. Ils furent très-bien dans l'appartement du Roi, lequel fut parfait pour eux. A dix heures, le château étoit vide, et chacun se retira chez soi.

Le lendemain, la garde nationale, après avoir montré la plus grande douleur d'avoir eu les mains liées, et d'avoir eu devant les yeux tout ce qui s'étoit passé, obtint de Pétion l'ordre de tirer. A sept heures, on dit que les faubourgs marchaient : la garde se mit sous les armes avec le plus grand zèle. Des députés de l'assemblée vinrent de bonne volonté demander au Roi s'il croyoit qu'il y eût du danger, pour qu'elle se transportât chez lui.† Le Roi les remercia. Vous verrez leur dialogue dans les journaux, ainsi que celui de Pétion, qui vint dire au Roi que ce n'étoit que peu de monde, qui vouloit planter un mai.

Comme je savois que R . . . t'avoit donné de mes nouvelles, et que je n'ai pas trouvé un

† Six semaines après, ce fut tout le contraire.

instant pour t'écrire, je ne me suis pas trop tourmentée; aujourd'hui même, je n'ai qu'un moment. Nous sommes jusqu'à ce moment tranquilles : l'arrivée de M. de la Fayette fait un peu de mouvement dans les esprits. Adieu; je me porte bien; je t'embrasse, et suis bien aise que tu ne te sois pas trouvée dans cette bagarre.

PRAYER

COMPOSED BY MADAME ELIZABETH, DURING HER
IMPRISONMENT IN THE TEMPLE.

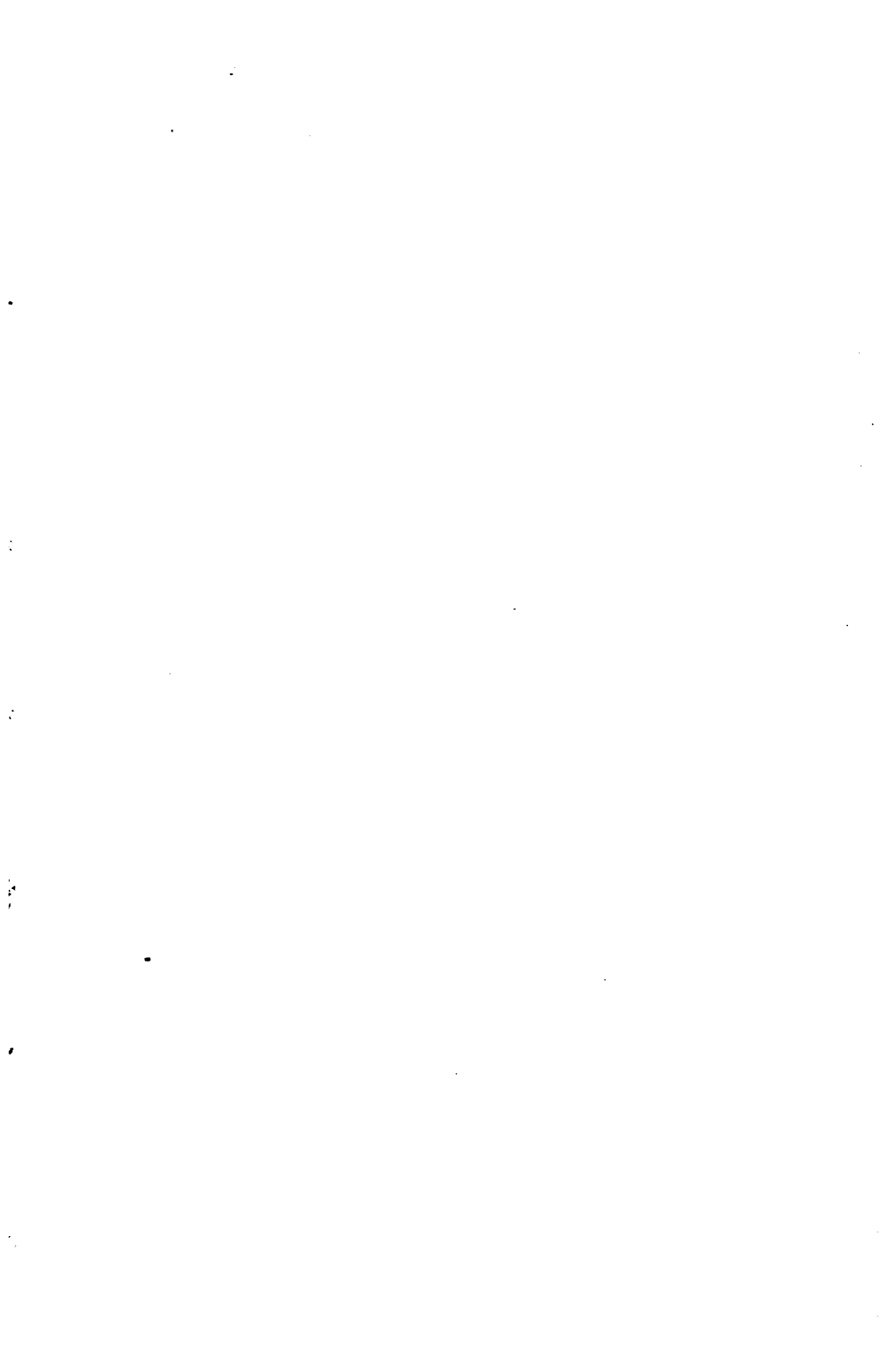
The following Prayer was composed by Madame Elizabeth, during that part of her imprisonment in the Temple, when, after the death of the King and Queen, and the removal of the young Prince, she remained the only friend and companion of the Duchess of Angoulême.

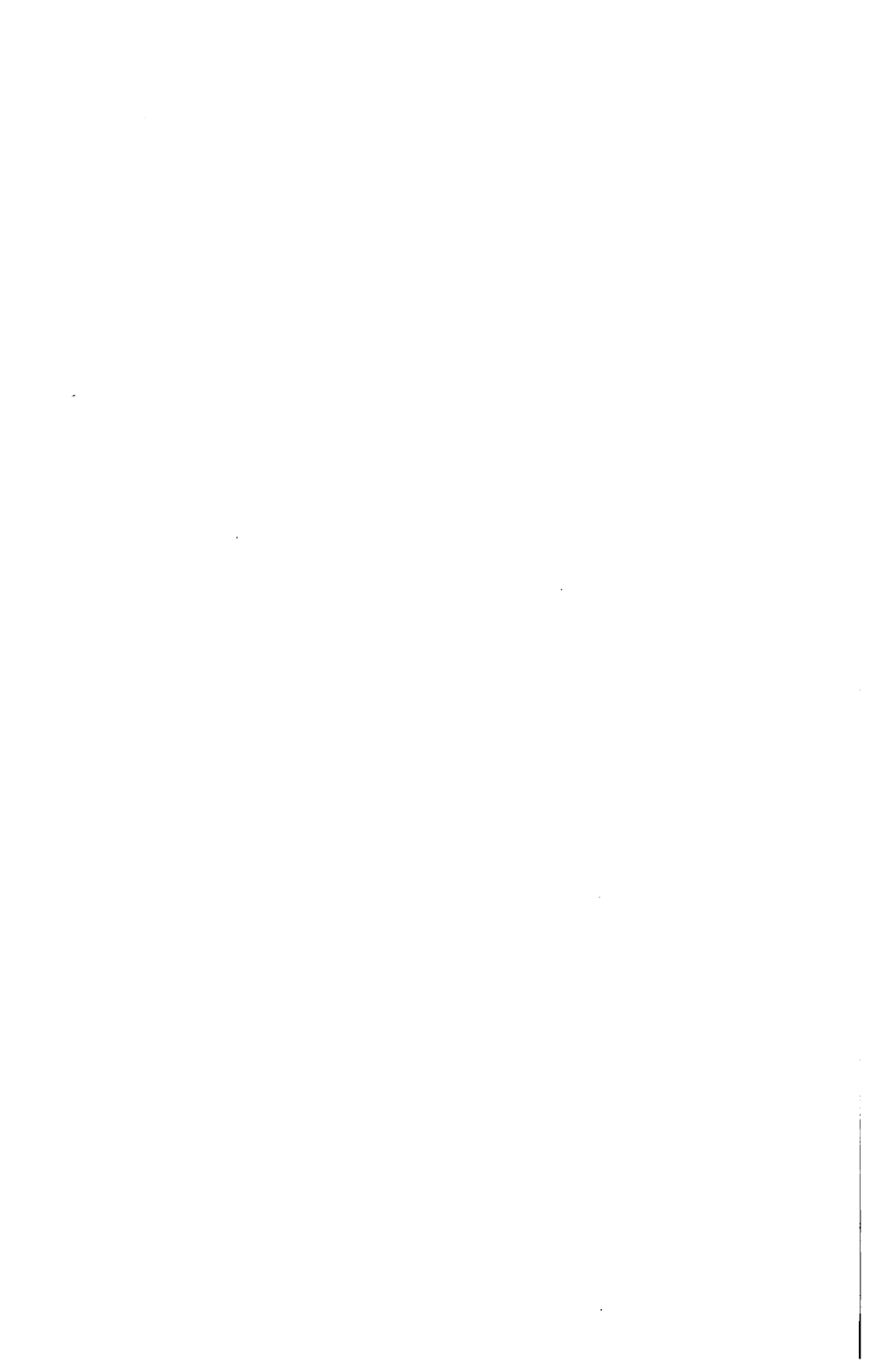
To say any thing of the merit of the composition, or the piety of the composer, would surely be superfluous.

QUE m'arrivera-t-il aujourd'hui ! ô mon Dieu !
Je n'en sais rien ; tout ce que je sais, c'est qu'il
ne m'arrivera rien que vous n'ayez prévu, réglé,
voulu, et ordonné de toute éternité : cela me
suffit. J'adore vos desseins éternels et im-
pénétrables ; je m'y sou mets de tout mon cœur,
pour l'amour de vous ; je veux tout, j'accepte
tout, je vous fais un sacrifice de tout, et j'unis
ce sacrifice à celui de mon divin Sauveur. Je
vous demande, en son nom et par ses mérites
infinis, la patience dans mes peines, et la par-
faite soumission qui vous est due pour tout ce
que vous voulez ou permettez.

FINIS.

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